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THE ABDUCTED HEIRESS.

BY MRS. CAROLINE INGRAHAM.

AUTHOR OF "SARAH PERCIVAL; OR, THE BRIDE OF THE HOUSE OF GOLD," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

THE STRANGER.

A new life now began for Justina. Under the guardianship of Alfred Ernstein, and the chaperonage of his mother, she went wherever her fancy led her. She visited picture galleries, Art Unions, libraries, curiosities, and all the places she had often longed to see, flitting like a bird from place to place, and enjoying herself with a hearty, childish *abandon* that was delightful to witness.

Perhaps, had Alfred Ernstein been a *blase* man of the world, he would have experienced a dreary kind of pleasure at the sight of the fresh enthusiasm he could never feel again. But all things were as new to him as to her. The quiet student, in the college halls, beside the winding Cam, had seen nothing, almost heard nothing of the gay world beyond. So, to the pursuit of pleasure, he brought a heart as innocent and unhackneyed as her own. It was a beautiful sight, that grave, handsome young man, and that bright gay girl, tasting, for the first time, the intoxicating draughts of life and love. Hand in hand they plucked the golden apples as they passed along, and would not, because they could not, believe them only Dead Sea fruit—full of bitter ashes within. Well and happy was it for Justina that so fair a sun and sky shone over her head—that so fond and pure a heart beat responsive to her own—in this her first entrance upon the stage of life. Too few there are of us who have known such blissful hours as these; and oh, not one to whom in countless years they are given twice!

They sat, one morning at the breakfast table, Mrs. Ernstein, Alfred, Justina and her mother. Justina, who had been glancing over the columns of her favorite Morning Post, suddenly laid it down with an exclamation of profound wonder.

"What is it?" said Mrs. De Courcey, looking up.

"To think," said Justina, with a radiant smile, "that in our search after pleasure we have forgotten such a place as that."

"As what, my dear?"

"Why the theatre, mother, to be sure."

Mrs. De Courcey looked uneasy.

"Have you ever been, Alfred?" asked Justina, turning to that young gentleman, who had laid down his paper to look at her.

"I—only once or twice, Justina. To tell the truth, I am somewhat prejudiced against all amusements of that kind."

"How stupid!" was the quick reply. "But you must get over that feeling as soon as possible, for I want to go—and I must."

It was very evident that Justina's word was law, by the mute consternation with which the members of the little party looked at each other.

"If it was any other place, my dear," said Mrs. Ernstein, gravely, "I would not hesitate for a moment. But, really, I have no fancy for the theatre—I should not wish a daughter of mine to form a habit of going there. There may not be positive wrong in it, my dear,—still it forms a habit which is not easily broken up, and causes us to waste many an evening which might be far better employed. Now if it was a scientific lecture, or even the opera——"

"I think scientific lectures are perfect bores, and I can't see why the opera is any better than the theatre," said Justina, in a fit of wilfulness. "And I think it is very hard if I can't go—just once."

"The first draught may be so sweet that you will long to taste it again," said Alfred, sagely. But when he saw the expressive and decided pout into which her pretty lips were forming themselves, and the shadow of disappointment stealing over her bright face, he could not find it in his heart to go on.

"Don't look so grieved, little one," he said, more cheerfully, "and it shall go hard if we don't gratify you. Will nothing but this content you?"

"Nothing."

He turned to his mother with a pleading smile.

"Then, mother, let her have her heart's desire. She is but a child yet, after all."

"Do you mean what you say, Alfred?" asked the little lady, fixing her brown eyes upon him.

"Certainly. And after all, as Justina says, where is the harm in going once? May she go, my dear Mrs. De Courcey?"

The invalid assented, still looking uneasily at her child.

"Now, mother, darling, it rests entirely with you. Speak quick, I pray you."

"Well—yes," said Mrs. Ernstein, after a moment's hesitation. To say truth, she enjoyed the thoughts of such a treat, even while her conscience upbraided her for doing so.

"It is settled, then," said Alfred. And turning to Justina, he added,—

"Have you no thanks for me?"

"Victory! victory!" cried the girl, with sparkling eyes and glowing cheeks, as she waltzed gaily out of the room.

They went that night; for to the eager Justina the pleasure was too great a one to be delayed. All day long she fancied something would happen to prevent the proposed excursion, and when at night she really found herself in a private box beneath the roof of Drury Lane, her delight knew no bounds.

She looked out from behind the silken curtains at the rapidly filling house, with a species of awe. Who were they all—drawn from every part of the great Metropolis, to look upon the self-same mimic scene. Were there, in that great sea of faces, any young girls as full of happiness as she—any lovers as devoted as Alfred—any mothers as kind as Mrs. Ernstein?

THE TELL-TALE PORTRAIT.

That eager, enthusiastic joy which waits impatiently for something, it knows not what, is perhaps the most glorious feeling of a life-time. Justina looked down into the pit, and wondered gravely over its occupants. She looked reverently at the mysterious green curtain which hid so much from her eyes—the faint smell of the oranges below came to her like grateful incense, and the glimmering footlights were like stars of glory. And when, as if by magic, the lights throughout the house brightened in an instant, and the orchestra burst into a grand overture, that died away at last into a liquid melody, as soft, and sweet, and sad as the thoughts that come with the summer twilight, of those we have loved, and who are lost to us forever, she could restrain her excited feelings no longer, but felt a choking sensation in her throat, and knew that the burning tears in her eyes were falling upon her cheek. She dashed them away, feeling half-angry and half-ashamed at her weakness. As she looked up, she was a little startled to see a gentleman in an opposite box, leaning forward and looking earnestly at her. He was a man apparently past middle age, with chestnut curls thickly sprinkled with gray, and the most melancholy face she had ever seen. He did not withdraw his eyes when she looked toward him, and yet she could not feel angry at his seeming rudeness. It was not the gaze of a libertine, or the idle stare of a stranger, but it was the long and earnest look of a man who, having long since, lost all that was dear and precious to him, sees it suddenly rise up before him in another form, and as far removed from his reach as the heavens are beyond the earth.

It was a look like that which a mother gives to the life-like portrait of her buried child—a look like that a lover turns upon the woman he has loved, when he sees her leaving the altar at the side of another.

Where had she seen that sadly beautiful face before? The pale, distinguished looking man seemed strangely familiar to her memory, and yet she could not recall their meeting? Surely she had known him—had heard him speak—had seen him weep—but where? She was almost inclined to believe in transmigration of souls, as she thought of him, and say that in another state of being, and in another form, she had known him whose powerful glance was even then seeking to lay bare the very secrets of her soul.

She felt the influence, but vainly tried to escape from it. The party in her box were strangely still—she could almost hear herself breathe. Alfred sat with his head leaning on his hand, just behind her, dreaming of the time so soon to come, when he should call her all his own, and Mrs. Ernstein was deep in the last volume of a fashionable novel, which she had brought to wile away the time.

Left entirely to herself, the young girl sat before the stranger, charmed and fascinated as surely as was ever a poor victim by the fatal grace and beauty of the deadly rattlesnake. If she but turned her eyes away for a moment, she felt that his strong glance was on her, and turned again to meet it. Her heart beat loudly—she felt a kind of undefined terror, as those clear dark eyes controlled her will. What strange and secret interest lay between them, that thus, over that sea of heads below, and in the pauses of that low and mournful music, they should thus hold communion together?

She was asking herself that question wonderingly, when a little bell tinkled sharply, and the music suddenly ceased. Like one in a dream she turned to Alfred, and clung to him as he leaned forward to speak to her, as if he could shield and protect her from the unknown evil she dreaded.

The bell tinkled again, and after a second of intense expectation on her part, the heavy green curtain rolled up slowly. The spell cast over her by the stranger, was broken, for a time, at least—for there, before her, was the realization of her girlish dreams—the stage, glittering with foot lights and beautiful scenery—and brilliant with the throng of gaily dressed actors who were walking slowly to and fro, beneath the trees of a ruined park.

The play was a strange one. A young artist, who was the hero, was seeking earnestly for the ideal woman of his dreams—who should become his wife, and dwell with him in his cottage by the sea. He found her at last, but it was as the wife of an old man, who had bought her beauty with his gold. The sleeping heart of Zenobia awoke at the first sight of the impassioned young Claude—but it only awoke to a fearful struggle between love and duty. Alas! love conquered, and the guilty pair fled. Remorse and shame followed, and in utter despair the lovers committed suicide and died in each other's arms.

Such was the story which Justina saw enacted before her. It was not a good or a moral one, but it was deeply and terribly fascinating.

Justina had been educated strictly. And had the inner heart of the actress been laid bare before her eyes at that moment, she would have been apt to condemn, rather than to pity her. But we ignore, upon the stage, a thousand things which would shock us in real life. (And here, I think, lies the secret of its evil and immoral tendencies!) And Justina consoling herself with the reflection, that although it was undoubtedly very wrong, or at least, that it would be so in real life, leaned from her box in pitying silence, as the proud head of Zenobia fell back in conterfeited death, and wiped the tears from her eyes with a heavy sigh, as the green curtain came slowly down and shut out that picture of love and guilt, of shame and sorrow, from her eyes forever.

"I declare, Justina is crying," said Alfred, whose own long eyelashes looked suspiciously moist. "Why it is only in fun, you know, little one. Come, cheer up before the farce."

"Oh, pray don't stay for the farce, Alfred. We will come another time for that. But just now I really have no heart to laugh. And what is every one making such a noise for. Is the house on fire, Alfred?"

She clung to his arm, pale and terrified at the bare idea of such a catastrophe.

"No, little one," he said, patting her hand reassuringly. "They are calling the actress before the curtain—that is all."

It was a long time before she came. A perfect hurricane of shouts and cries filled the great building, when suddenly a tall majestic form, draped in flowing white, glided out from the side of the stage, and stood before the great multitude. Like a statue of Peace she stood there, with her arms folded upon her breast, and her proud resolute face turned toward them, quelling the tumult without a single word.

But only for a moment. With one accord the mighty multitude rose to their feet, applauding her. Wreaths and bouquets fell at her feet, and were picked up by the stage manager, who had followed her. But not even her brilliant success could move her. She seemed a lonely heartbroken woman, as she stood there in her glory. She bowed slightly—passed slowly across the stage—the curtain was lifted and she glided out of sight like a troubled spirit. A solemn hush reigned through the house—every one felt as if something fearful had happened.

Justina drew a long breath as she caught the last flutter of the white robe, and then her burning head fell upon her hands.

"Oh, why am I not an actress?" she said to herself, with passionate ardor. "Zenobia looks unhappy—but what of that? I could bear unhappiness cheerfully, to meet with such success. Oh, if I could but once hear such ringing cheers as were given her to-night, I would gladly lie down and die!"

We crave pardon for our poor Justina. She was but a child at heart, and this first glimpse of the glittering life of an actress, had bewildered her. She did not know how much tinsel clings to the gaudy garb they wear.

She was roused from her meditations by the light touch of Alfred, who was folding her furred cloak around her. The opera glass of Mrs. Ernstein was taking observations of the people, who now began to leave the house.

"Dear me, how very strange!" she exclaimed at last, in an animated tone.

"What is strange, my dear mother?" asked Alfred.

"Why, that gentleman in the box opposite. I have been watching him for some moments, and I am certain he has had his eyes on our box all the time. Justina, my dear, I am very sure it must be you he is looking at. I hope you have not been doing anything strange or improper."

Justina's cheek flushed hotly, as she looked toward the stranger, who had been forgotten for awhile. Yes, there he sat, with his dreamy, melancholy eyes fixed upon her. He averted them now: he saw that he had attracted their attention, and rose as if to go.

Alfred took up his mother's remark quite indignantly.

"I am sure Justina has done nothing out of the way, mother—and the gentleman was only looking around carelessly, I suppose." But if you don't wish to stay for the farce—are you sure you do not, Justina—"

"Oh no—no," she murmured, feeling the old spell coming strongly over her once more. "Let us get home as soon as possible."

"Then take my arm—come mother, here is the other side for you."

They left the box, and mixing with the throng went down the stairs. Justina felt, although she dared not look around, that the stranger was close beside them.

A vexatious delay occurred at the door, and Alfred grew impatient.

"I am sure something has happened," he said to his mother. "If I had any one here who could take charge of you a moment, I would go and see about the carriage."

His eye fell upon a grave looking man wrapped in a military cloak, who was leaning against a pillar near by. The profound melancholy of his appearance, won Alfred's favor at once, and approaching him he said quietly,

"Sir, I fear an accident has befallen my carriage. May I request you to have the goodness to stand near these ladies, while I go and see about it."

"With the greatest pleasure, sir," was the quick reply. As he took his place beside them, Justina shuddered. *It was the stranger.*

He did not presume upon his position, however. He did not even speak, after the first polite salutation had been exchanged, but stood beside them quietly till Alfred returned, with the delinquent coachman, who had been found in an ale house near by.

Then as Alfred assisted his mother into the carriage, he offered his hand with grave courtesy to Justina. She hesitated a moment, and felt her hand grasped suddenly, and pressed to a moustached lip. Before she recovered from her confusion at this audacious salute, she was seated, and her lover had turned to thank him.

She saw them shake hands cordially, and heard Alfred saying—

"I should be most happy to make your further acquaintance. Will you favor me?"

They exchanged cards—the stranger raised his hat, and they drove away.

"General Eustace Saville," said Alfred, reading the card by the light of the carriage. "Why mother, it is the very man we were talking of the other day, who has distinguished himself so in India. How strange, and how fortunate! I must not let this acquaintance drop."

But Justina said nothing. Her dreams that night were all of the gallant soldier of whom she, too, had often heard; but when they spoke of him the next morning at the breakfast table, and told of his many gallant exploits, she was silent, and seemed to have her whole attention divided between the paper and her muffin.

She was learning one of life's first lessons—the art of hiding her real feelings.

CHAPTER VIII.

PLOTTING.

On a soft, balmy, beautiful morning, nearly a week after the eventful evening at the theatre, General Saville sat in his own private apartment, at the Adelphi, looking over a list of army reports. The windows of this room were open, and through all the smoke and fog of London a breath of warm, spring air had found its way, and was playing, refreshingly, around the place.

This man was grave, and stern, and sad in appearance, and the appointments of his room partook, unconsciously, of the same characteristics. A narrow camp bedstead, of iron, stood in one corner of the room. A sabre and a yataghan crossed each other above it. A small flag, tattered, smoked, and riddled with bullets and sword-thrusts, waved upon the wall. It had been taken, by the hand of the general himself, from a fort in India, which he had stormed at the head of his troops.

The remaining articles of furniture were very simple. A few easy-chairs, a centre-table, covered with dry-looking pamphlets, and the writing-desk at which the general was sitting, comprised the list—if we except a heavy, brass-nailed, and iron-bound trunk, which had, evidently, seen service as well as its master.

The general looked pale and ill at ease. He wore a plain, undress uniform, and a magnificent diamond pin, in the shape of a star, was his only ornament. A small, plain, gold ring, delicate in its workmanship, and much worn, glittered on the third finger of his left hand.

"So far, so good," he said to himself, and his soft, grey eyes sparkled with exultation, as he saw the honorable mention of his name, which had been made in the report.

"Not in vain did I give up all!" he exclaimed, rising, and walking the floor. "Not in vain did I throw myself into the breaches, and fight with all the fury of desperation. They thought it was courage! Poor fools! They little knew how reckless and daring a man will be, who has nothing left to lose, and all to gain,—or die! And here is the reward my mistaken judges have given me!"

He smiled, proudly.

"Is it not well worth all I have paid for it? What was I before? Only a man—and not—" he added, with a darkening face—"not an honest man. Only one among the crowd, who eat and drink and make merry, and then die and are forgotten. Now—thank God! I leave an honest and unstained name behind me. But alas, to whom? I have no child—no wife—nor may I have!"

He leaned against the window, and looking out, sighed heavily.

"Old times! old times! how they come up before me here to-day! Where are they all whom I have loved, and who loved me? Gone—gone—I know not where! And yet—I know not why—but I could almost move heaven and earth if I could but look upon one face to-day, and hear one voice say that I was forgiven. It may not be! Alas! I never shall hear that voice again on earth!"

He buried his face in his hands, and stood motionless and sorrowful.

The door opened suddenly, and a tall, jovial looking man, with a bronzed and bearded face, who wore an undress uniform like the general's, came up behind him and laid his hand upon his shoulder.

"How now?" he said, with a smile that displayed a set of teeth as white as those of a hound. "Are you not yet done with that foolish habit of thinking?"

"Ah, George, I wish I could be!" said the general, looking up into the good humored face of his friend, Colonel Sair, who threw himself down in an easy chair, and eyed his well-shaped limbs with a complacent smile.

"It's all 'bosh,' Eustace," as Major Halpine used to say. "Depend upon it, it's all 'bosh.' What was that line about thinking in the Rejected Addresses?—you used to quote it."

> 'Thinking is but a dreary waste of thought—
> For nought is everything, and everything is nought.'

"Is that what you mean, George?"

"Precisely, and now take the moral home to yourself, my boy, and look more lively. What the deuce! If we all stopped to think of our sins as you are forever doing, what a solemn-faced set we should be! Cheer up, man. Where do you dine to-day?"

"At the Club."

"Leave room for me at your table, and I'll take my mutton with you. Do you agree?"

"Certainly."

The colonel yawned. Evidently he was wearying of his efforts to draw his friend out, and was at a loss to know what to say next.

He was spared the trouble of inventing any thing, however, by the general. who made a sudden spring from his chair and rushed to the window with an eager exclamation.

"Eh, what now?" he asked, following.

His friend pointed eagerly to a carriage which was slowly turning the corner, and murmured—

"By Jove, I've lost her!"

"Lost whom?"

He started as if he had unconsciously betrayed an important secret—but seeing the strong curiosity impressed on the colonel's face, he took him by the button, and pointing to the rapidly-disappearing carriage, said—

"Do you remember my speaking to you of a young girl, whom I saw about a week since, at Drury Lane theatre?"

"I remember everything about it—yes. But what of it?"

"She was in the carriage that just passed the window," said the general, impressively.

"Well—and what if she was," said the colonel, who could see no great mystery in the occurrence. "Explain yourself—where does the cream of the matter lie?"

"Pshaw—I forgot! The cream of the matter is just this, George. I believe I'm in love!"

"And with her?"

"Yes."

The colonel whistled.

"Well—I have nothing more to say. If you, who are famous for your woman-hating propensities, have surrendered at discretion, so soon, there can be no hope for me!"

"I am afraid you are right, George."

"But what the deuce does it all mean? You don't intend to marry?"

A sudden, indefinable emotion swept over the averted face of his friend, as he spoke. Pain, pride, and reckless selfishness were visibly imprinted there.

"For God's sake," he gasped, "don't ask me. I do not know myself what I mean. Only I know that I am drawn and attracted towards her so powerfully, that I cannot resist—and come what will, she must be mine, in one way or another."

The colonel shook his head gravely.

"Don't misunderstand me, George," said General Saville, laying his hand upon his shoulder and looking into his eyes. "I would not wrong that innocent child for the wealth of the world. I do not love her passionately, as I have loved other women—as I once loved"—he paused—then added hastily—"but no matter! It is not that kind of attraction I mean, George. It is an overpowering, irresistible sort of tenderness that fills my heart whenever I think of her. She is good and pure—I believe she might make me so also. And because goodness and purity and peace dwell with her, I want her always with me—I must have her! Can you understand this feeling?"

"I'll be hanged if I can!" said the colonel rising to his feet with sudden energy. "It strikes me, Eustace, that you don't know yourself very well what you want. All this kind of thing does very well to talk about; but I'm afraid if it should ever come to the test, you would find you had mistaken yourself most strangely."

"I can't believe it! I can't believe it!" said the general with energy.

"Only because you won't!"

Saville stopped short in his hurried walk up and down the room and looked fixedly at him.

"Perhaps it may be so, George, I will not believe myself capable of wronging a child like her—even though my best friend—the man who has fought by my side in the trenches, day after day, thinks so meanly of me."

The colonel rose to his feet and held out his hand.

"It was not Eustace Saville who said that. My dear old boy, I love and honor you above all other men, but you know as well as I, what your life has been"—

"I know it, George," and the proud head of the general drooped in sudden humiliation as he thought of many a folly and indiscretion—(or sins, as their right name should be)—for which he now had cause to blush.

"Pshaw—I didn't mean to hurt you, Eustace," said the colonel, deeply moved by this sudden display of feeling. "You have been no worse than many another man. That was not what I intended to say. Only to show you that human nature is human nature."

"And that humun nature might lead me on to deceive and betray this young girl?"

"Yes—it is possible."

"I never thought so poorly of it before," said the general, gravely.

And then there was a long and painful silence between the friends.

Saville raised his head at last, and the perplexed and doubtful look upon his face cleared gradually away.

"But if I marry her," he said in a low voice.

The colonel stared in surprise.

"Did you not tell me once she was engaged to young Ernstein? I am very sure, now I think of it, that I heard something of that sort."

"You did."

"And you will try to take his place? Oh, Saville, let me think better of you. You will stoop to nothing like this."

"Think of me as you will—nay, you must be prepared to see me in a new light, George," was the hurried reply. "You little know how I pursue an object to the death when I once determine to grasp it. There is something about this girl that wins me in spite of myself. I have made up my mind to take her—and he who stands in my way must take the consequences."

There was a certain intensity of purpose in his usually calm face that bore witness to the earnestness with which he spoke. Still the colonel ventured to dissuade him further.

"It may be that she loves this young man—of course she does, since she is going to marry him. A girl's first love is proverbial for its strength—I am afraid you will find your greatest obstacle in her heart."

The general smiled contemptuously.

"A mere boy—a dreamer, whom she will soon forget, when the strength and fervor of a man's love is thrown at her feet."

"Will nothing make you hear reason?" asked the colonel, despairingly.

"Nothing."

The powdered head of a servant was seen bowing at the half-open door.

"Come in Jacques," said his master.

The valet entered, bearing a card upon a silver salver, and presented it to the general.

"What have we here?" he said, reading it aloud. "Mr. Alfred Ernstein? Show the gentleman up at once, Jacques. Could anything be more apropos?" he added, turning to the colonel. "You remember a certain proverb—speak of the gentleman below and he is soon by your side. I see it verified every day."

The valet returned, ushering in Alfred Ernstein, who came gaily up to clasp the hand of the man who had, even then, been laying plans to dash his happiness to the ground. Was it any wonder that the troubled eye of the general drooped before that frank, joyous glance?

"Why, where have you kept yourself this age, my dear general?" cried Ernstein. "I have been expecting you every day, and my mother is quite outrageous with me, because you do not come. To say nothing of another fair lady," he added with an arch smile. "They have given me no peace since I saw you last; and this morning, my mother fairly drove me into committing this breach of etiquette and coming to see if you were ill, or absent. I can assure you, sir, I am getting to be quite a secondary personage at home, and have half a mind to be jealous of you."

The general winced and colored.

"It is hardly worth the while, my dear fellow," he said. "An old man like myself, stands little chance with you, as you would soon find if I should enter the lists with you. But allow me to introduce to you, a most intimate friend of mine—we almost make a modern Damon and Pythias—Colonel Sair—Mr. Alfred Ernstein."

The two gentlemen bowed and shook hands. The colonel gazed with a deep feeling of interest upon the two. The one, so young, so honest and loyal, so full of faith in all mankind—the other, so little to be trusted, and with that in his heart which should blight the joyous nature of the young student forever.

"Pray be seated, gentlemen," said Saville with a courteous wave of his hand. "It looks unsocial to stand in this way."

"You must pardon me if I refuse your kind invitation," said Alfred. "I am in a great hurry—indeed, I was only sent to your hotel on an errand, and am under orders to hasten back as soon as it is performed. May I ask if you are engaged to-day; or do you dine at home?"

"We old bachelors have no home you know, Alfred," said the general with a slight smile. "I think the colonel and I will take our wine at the club."

"No—I have a better plan," said Alfred eagerly. "I come charged with the compliments of my mother, and an earnest request that you will dine with us to-day. Do not refuse us. We may be committing a breach of etiquette—but let that pass. If a hearty welcome, and bright smiles and fair faces, are any inducement to you, I trust we shall see you in Grovesnor Square this evening."

There was a pause. The colonel tried to catch the eye of his friend, and dissuade him from going—but in vain. Saville answered musingly—

"The temptation is a powerful one, my dear fellow—and one which I cannot withstand. I accept, with pleasure."

Alfred looked delighted. And turning to the colonel, who was gnawing his lip in bitter dissatisfaction at the turn things were taking, he said timidly—

"May I hope that you will accompany your friend. It will be a double pleasure."

The colonel muttered something about being a stranger, but Alfred quickly interrupted him.

"You will not say that, when you have once seen my mother. She will be so delighted to see you—and—and Miss De Courcey also. Pray do not refuse."

There was a hearty boyish cordiality in Alfred's manner that was perfectly irresistible. Besides, the colonel imagined his presence might be some check upon Saville.

"I will go," he said quietly.

"Thank you—thank you," said Alfred. "And now I must be off. The ladies laid their commands upon me, and I dare not outstay my time. You know, sir," he added with a laugh, "what fair tyrants ladies are, and will excuse me if I obey their commands."

"Oh, certainly," was the general's reply, while a sarcastic smile played around his mouth. "But Ernstein—is it true that you are under orders? Some one was saying so the other day at the Club."

"I believe it is true, sir."

"I congratulate you, my dear fellow. The lady is certainly beautiful—and one glance at her fair face is enough to show that she is good and true. I congratulate you."

"Thank you—thank you," said Alfred, with glistening eyes. He could not listen to the praises of Justina unmoved—he loved her too tenderly, and as he hurried from the room with a hasty "good morning," it would have taken much to have made him believe the man whose hand had just clasped his, a villian.

But Colonel Sair, surprised and shocked by the hypocrisy of his friend, sat for a time in silence. At last he asked gravely—

"Eustace, have you the slightest idea of what you have done?"

Saville turned and looked him steadily in the face for a moment, before he answered, coldly,

"Yes, sir. I have accepted an invitation to dinner, and so have you. Sharp seven is the hour. Be punctual if you please, for as they are strangers, it will not do to keep them waiting."

Without another word, he left the room, and the colonel, looking from the window, saw him sauntering slowly down to the Club.

CHAPTER IX.

THE PORTRAIT.

Punctual to the moment, the two friends ascended the steps of Mrs. De Courcey's house, just as the clocks in the neighborhood were striking the hour of seven.

The ladies awaited them in the drawing-room. Mrs. De Courcey was too great an invalid to leave her room, but Mrs. Ernstein did the honors of the establishment with a grace peculiarly her own.

The colonel's quick eye glanced around in search of the young girl who was, in reality, the object of their visit. She was sitting in a distant corner of the room, seemingly absorbed in the book over which her head was bent, but he saw the hot blood rush to her cheek at the first tones of Saville's voice, and saw the proud head bent still lower, as she laid the volume aside, and came forward to receive them.

She was dressed in a dinner robe of rose-colored silk, with blonde falls. The clear hue harmonized well with her jet black hair, and seemed to lend a faint glow to her otherwise colorless complexion. Colonel Sair could not find it in his heart to wonder at the admiring glance his friend cast upon her—she was beautiful, in the strictest sense of the word. She looked like a young princess, standing by the side of the diminutive Mrs. Ernstein, and after the first embarrassment had passed away, no princess could have received her guests with greater dignity or ease.

The grave servant announced dinner. General Saville offered his arm to Mrs. Ernstein, and Justina followed with the colonel, while Alfred brought up the rear. So that when they were seated, she found herself nearly opposite Alfred, while her next neighbor on the left hand, was one to whom she had already given too many thoughts.

I fear I can scarcely make the feeling plain that existed between the general and Justina. It was a love without passion—an affection without selfishness. To Justina, her new acquaintance seemed the embodiment of all her childish dreams. She admired—nay, she well nigh worshiped him—and yet she little knew her own heart when she fancied she loved him in the same way she had loved Alfred.

To him, on the contrary, she recalled the past. Another face, that he had loved, seemed to come up before him, when he gazed on hers—and closing his eyes, and listening to her voice, he could almost fancy that the long unhappy years had been a dream, and that the early lost was by his side. But he could no more have clasped her to his heart and kissed her with such passionate kisses as he had pressed upon the lips of that other, than he could have scattered the unconscious reverence with which he regarded her, to the winds. The hem of her garment he might lift to his lips—he might kiss her brow quietly and calmly—but in the visible presence of her innocence and purity, passion slept, and all earth-born desires were lost in a flood of pure tenderness, that would cherish and protect, but never defile or destroy.

The dinner passed away, and the ladies rose to leave the room. Arrived in the drawing-room, Justina threw herself down upon a tete-a-tete beside the window, and leaning her cheek upon her hand, strove to collect her scattered thoughts. Mrs. Ernstein came fluttering down beside her, like a little bird, and looked up in her thoughtful face.

"You have done charmingly, my dear," she said with a patronizing air. "You were somewhat reserved and quiet, it is true."

"And why should I not be, my dear madam," said Justina, with tact, "when you can support the conversation so much more ably. I prefer to listen when you are talking."

Human nature is never proof against a compliment, delicately conveyed, and Mrs. Ernstein tapped the young girl on the shoulder with her fan, and said, with a pleased air,

"Very true, very true, my dear. I see you have some very correct and proper notions. I think, myself, that young girls should be seen and not heard in company. But pray tell me—how do you like our new friend?"

"I think him very agreeable," said Justina without the least hesitation. "But don't you think, my dear Mrs. Ernstein, he would look better if his face were not so red?"

"Red, my dear?"

"Well not exactly that, either. I suppose you would call it bronzed. At the same time, there is a certain rich color about it, that shows that he takes a great deal of wine—and you know that is a look I never fancy."

"But my dear——"

"Now, Mrs. Ernstein, you must acknowledge yourself, that I am right. I do not think he is a very bad man—I will not say that he would commit any crime—but he looks dissipated to me—too much given up to——"

"Why, my dear girl, where must your eyes have been!" exclaimed Mrs. Ernstein in a paroxysm of astonishment. "I saw nothing of the kind."

"But, Mrs. Ernstein, you know I believe in a certain instinct that tells us at once, what is good and pure. Now, my instinct tells me that this man is neither; and so, though I do not avoid him, I never can like him."

"Justina, *will* you tell me whom you are talking about?"

"Why, Colonel Sair, to be sure," said the girl, opening her eyes with innocent surprise. "Did you not ask my opinion of him?"

If Mrs. Ernstein had been more artful herself, she would have mistrusted the stratagem Justina had used, but she was unsophisticated as a child, and drawing a long breath, burst into a hearty fit of laughter.

"Well, of all the strange mistakes! What could have put that into your silly head. I was not thinking of the colonel, child—though to be sure, he is a fine looking man, and very well in his way. I can't say, either, that I think his face is too red. He has a rich, healthy English complexion, much more to my taste than a pale or sallow one. But I was speaking of his friend, General Saville. What do you think of him, now that we have seen him face to face?"

"Have I had a fair opportunity to judge him yet?" asked Justina, evasively. "You know he has hardly spoken to me yet."

"Well, well, my dear, perhaps I did engross his attention at dinner," said Mrs. Ernstein, good humoredly. "But never mind—you shall have a chance to talk with him when he comes up."

Justina blushed vividly.

"Indeed, my dear madam, you quite misunderstood me."

"Oh yes, I know," said Mrs. Ernstein, laughing. "But I may rectify my mistake by sending him to talk with you. Will you sing for him?"

"Not to-day."

"Why not?"

"I cannot—you must excuse me."

"Well—then you must talk to him. And pray make yourself as agreeable as possible—I want him to have a high opinion of you. Only mind, and don't lose your heart to him, for he is going to be married soon."

"Married!"

"So the newspapers say."

"And to whom?"

"Lady Henrietta Beauchampe—the daughter of the French embassador. But there is no knowing whether it is so or not—for I am sorry to say these papers do not always speak the truth," said Mrs. Ernstein.

What was the sudden feeling that came over the girl as she heard those words? The thought of marrying him herself, seemed almost a sacrilegious one—and yet, to give him up forever to another, and know that he could be no more than a distant friend to her—she doubted if this could be done.

"Well—what are you thinking of?" said Mrs. Ernstein, gaily. "Speculating on the chances of falling in love with this eastern hero?"

"You forget Alfred," said Justina, in a constrained voice. And, for the first time, she felt the fetters heavy that Love's own hand had laid upon her.

"Bless me—so I did!" said Mrs. Ernstein with a start. "Very proper in you to remind me of it, my dear: and very foolish in me to rattle on so. However, there is no harm done."

"No harm done. No," repeated Justina, feeling that harm might be close at hand.

The sound of steps upon the stairs, and voices in the hall, put an end to their conversation.

"Here come the gentlemen," said Mrs. Ernstein, rising from her seat. "I wish your mamma was well enough to come down and hear General Saville relate his Indian stories. Don't you?"

"Yes," said Justina, quietly. But no inward monitor told her how much pain and misery might be spared by the simple entrance of her mother, into that pleasant room.

"Since she cannot, the only way is for you to hear and repeat them to her. My memory is so poor that I shall forget the most interesting parts. So I am just going to send the general to sit by you, and Alfred and I will take charge of the gallant colonel. Will that do?"

"My dear Mrs. Ernstein—I beg of you——"

"Hush!" said that lady, lifting up her finger, with a mischievous expression on her pretty face—"he will hear you."

Justina said no more, but looked steadily from the window as the gentlemen entered, to hide her confusion.

There was no need of sending General Saville to Justina. He came straight towards her, of his own accord, and dropped into the vacant seat by her side.

"My friend Ernstein has been telling me that you are quite an artist," he said, as she looked around with a startled air.

"I paint a little, sir."

"And he has been describing sundry labors like the labors of Hercules of old, which he has undergone for you this week."

She glanced towards Alfred with a heightened color. He saw her glance, and came over to her rescue at once.

"I have been playing traitor, Alfred," said Saville, playfully. "I was just rallying this young lady about the work you have performed for her this week."

"Oh, about the studio? Well, what does she say?"

"The studio!" said Justina with an air of relief. "I beg ten thousand pardons, General Saville—I had not the least idea what you were speaking of. Yes, Alfred did assist me very much."

"And a pretty affair we made of it, let me tell you, my dear general, with the help of painters and upholsterers. It is a charming little spot—when you are once there, it is difficult to tear yourself away. At least, Justina seems to find it so—for we have hardly caught a glimpse of her till to-day, since it was finished. I have been scolding her to-day for turning hermittess so soon."

"Do you know," said Saville, bending forward and looking into Justina's eyes, "I have a strange desire to see this pet place of yours. If it is not asking too great a favor, will you show it to me?"

Justina colored painfully. There were reasons why it was well nigh impossible for her to comply with his request—and yet, it seemed churlish to refuse.

"There is nothing there that would repay you for your trouble in seeking it," she said at last.

But Alfred exclaimed—

"How can you say so, Justina? She is too modest by half, my dear general. But if you are too busy or too indolent to show him the place, I will be his cicerone, if you will allow it."

"No—pray—pray do not go," she said quickly, and looked around for Mrs. Ernstein.

That lady now approached, followed by the colonel, and stood beside her.

"What is the subject under discussion?" she asked her son. "And what are you all looking so grave and earnest about?"

Alfred told her.

"I am surprised at you, Justina," she said with a reproving glance. "How can you be so childish! General Saville will not, of course, expect to find you a finished artist—though I must say you have painted some very fine pictures, if I am any judge of such things. Come, my dear—the general will give you his arm, and we will all go in a body to see this snug little retreat of yours. Come, my dear, come."

There was no help for it, and Justina rose from her seat, reluctantly, and took the proffered arm of General Saville. He looked in her face as they left the room, and half pausing, said—

"Miss De Courcey, if this is giving you pain, say so frankly. Heaven forbid that I should seem to intrude into any apartment of yours."

"No, no"—she answered, hurrying on. "It is nothing—only I am afraid you will want to laugh at the pictures when you see them."

They reached the door of the studio. That just beyond it, led to the private apartments of Mrs. De Courcey. Could she have but glanced from her sick bed out upon the group in the wide gallery, how quickly would she have sprung forward to save her daughter while she might. But she slept on, quietly and calmly, and never dreamed that danger breathed and moved within the very walls of her home.

Justina entered the studio first, and made some trifling arrangements among the pictures that were leaning against the wall. The general walked around the room, and lingered long over a landscape upon the easel. It was a forest scene. Tall pine trees lifted their feathery branches towards a clear, blue sky, and the golden sunshine sifted through and lay in uneven patches of light and warmth within the mossy glade they sheltered. In the back-ground, all was dark, and shadowy, and cool—in the fore-ground, all was light, and bright, and beautiful. And there, where the sunshine was warmest and richest, sat a young girl, dreaming over a book of poems, while a shaggy, good-natured Newfoundland dog lay sleeping at her feet.

It was a simple subject,—and yet it pleased the eye, and satisfied the heart. Saville gazed at it long and earnestly. Justina came up beside him, and looked at it, too.

"What shall you call it?" he asked, turning towards her.

She shook her head, with her eyes still dwelling upon the canvass.

"I cannot tell. I have never thought of a name. Will you give it one?"

"Call it Spring. For certainly that is spring sunshine, and a spring sky. I can almost fancy myself breathing the soft, sweet air, and smelling the moist, new earth. And the maiden, with her fair face, and sunny hair, and those soft eyes bent so intently upon the book, that I can only guess they should be blue—what is she but the embodied type of spring—the loveliest time of the year and of life?"

His grave face lit with enthusiasm as he spoke. Justina felt an exquisite pleasure in finding her favorite work thus fully appreciated by him.

"'Spring' it shall be," she said, softly.

"And in naming it thus, in your own beautiful spring-time," he said, with a melancholy smile, "think sometimes of one who looked upon it with you, and felt, with a bitter pang, that spring could come to him no more—that for him the summer, and the autumn also, was well nigh over, and nothing remained but a cold and cheerless winter, and then—death!"

His voice sunk, and trembled slightly, as he pronounced the last words. Justina looked upon the picture with a troubled eye—longing, and yet not daring, to say something to comfort him.

By this time the remainder of the group had gathered around the easel, to admire and criticise her new production. She walked slowly to the other end of the room. Saville followed and looked at the pictures ranged against the wall.

"Why do you not hang these?" he asked, pointing to one or two heads.

"They are not worth it," she said, carelessly.

"You have too poor an opinion of your own abilities. Now here is the head of a child—a fancy sketch, I suppose?"

She bowed, and looked uneasy.

"It is beautifully executed, Miss De Courcey. The coloring is exquisite, and the expression of those eyes, as they are lifted to heaven, is enough to make one believe in the holiness of childhood, however much they may have been disgusted with the evil of the world. Will you allow me to look at it more closely?"

He laid his hand upon it as he spoke. She was about to dart forward in agony, and rescue it from him; but she was too late. It had become entangled with another picture, whose face was turned towards the wall. Both fell—and as Saville took up the latter, carefully to restore it to its place, he started back with a low exclamation of surprise. It was the picture of a monk,—but the face that looked forth from the cowl *was a faithful copy of his own!*

Justina leaned against the wall with her face averted, in an agony of shame. He replaced the picture carefully, cast a hurried glance around him, to see that he was not observed, and caught her hand to his breast.

"My dearest! my dearest!" he whispered.

"General Saville, we want your opinion in regard to this picture," said Mrs. Ernstein, from the other end of the room.

He pressed the hand he held to his lips, and joined the group. Justina lingered, for a moment; striving in vain to analyze the flood of emotion that swelled within her heart.

They left the studio. She locked the door and followed them slowly down the stairs, like one in a dream. Through the whole evening she sat silent and reserved. Her embarrassment was skilfully concealed by Saville, who had never seemed more brilliant and agreeable. But through all, she felt conscious that those beautiful eyes were ever and anon seeking her face, with a subdued tenderness that made her heart throb painfully—through all, his voice seemed only saying "my dearest! my dearest!"

It was late before the gentlemen rose to go. She heard them promise another and a speedy visit, and felt that she stood upon the brink of a precipice, over which friendly hands were unconsciously forcing her. And there was something in the ill-concealed, triumphant tenderness of Saville, as he took his leave, that told her she had little to hope from his mercy or forbearance.

It was long before Justina slept that night.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

ALL IS VANITY.

What are riches? But a bubble.
What is fame? But toil, trouble.
What is genius? 'Tis a spark
That soon grows dark.

What is beauty? But a flower.
What is love? An April shower.
What is friendship? 'Tis the lily
Just born to die.

What are honors? Empty spoil.
What is learning? Labor, toil.
What is youth? An unspun thread;
And how soon shred!

What is language? Empty breath.
What is age? Herald of death.
What is time? One moment see
Forerunner of eternity.

CONSTANCY.

Constancy is natural to persons of even tempers and uniform dispositions; and may be acquired by those of the greatest fickleness, violence, and passion, who consider seriously the terms of union upon which they come together, the mutual interest in which they are engaged, with all the motives that ought to incite their tenderness and compassion towards those who have their dependence upon them, and are embarked with them for life in the same state of happiness or misery. Constancy, when it grows in the mind, upon considerations of this nature, becomes a moral virtue, and a kind of good-nature, that is not subject to any change of health, age, fortune, or any of those accidents, which are apt to unsettle the best dispositions that are founded rather in constitution than in reason. Where such a constancy as this is wanting, the most inflamed passion may fall away into coldness and indifference, and the most melting tenderness degenerate into hatred and aversion. I shall conclude this article with a story that is very well known in the north of England.

About thirty years ago, a packet-ship that had several passengers on board was cast away upon a rock, and in so great danger of sinking, that all who were in it endeavored to save themselves as well as they could; though only those who could swim well had a bare possibility of doing it. Among the passengers there were two women of fashion, who, seeing themselves in such a disconsolate condition, begged of their husbands not to leave them. One of them chose rather to die with his wife than to forsake her; the other, though he was moved with the utmost compassion for his wife, told her, 'that for the good of their children, it was better one of them should live, than both perish.' By a great piece of good luck, next to a miracle, when one of our good men had taken the last and long farewell in order to save himself, and the other held in his arms the person that was dearer to him than life, the ship was preserved. It is with a secret sorrow and vexation of mind that I must tell the sequel of this story, and let my reader know, that this faithful pair who who were ready to have died in each other's arms, about three years after their escape, upon some trifling disgust, grew to a coldness at first, and at length fell out to such a degree, that they left one another, and parted for ever. The other couple lived together in an uninterrupted friendship and felicity; and what was remarkable, the husband whom the shipwreck had like to have separated from his wife, died a few months after her, not being able to survive the loss of her.

I must confess, there is something in the changeableness and inconstancy of human nature, that very often both dejects and terrifies me. Whatever I am at present, I tremble to think what I may be. While I find this principle in me, how can I assure myself that I shall be always true to my God, my friend, or myself? In short, without constancy there is neither love, friendship, nor virtue, in the world.

AN OLD MAN.

FRIENDS SHOULD NOT BE UNKIND.

When a man is in a serious mood, and ponders upon his own make, with a retrospect to the actions of his life, and the many fatal miscarriages in it, which he owes to ungoverned passions, he is then apt to say to himself, that experience has guarded him against such errors for the future; but nature often recurs in spite of his best resolutions; and it is to the very end of our days a struggle between our reason and our temper, which shall have the empire over us. However, this is very much to be helped by circumspection, and a constant alarm against the first onsets of passion. As this is, in general, a necessary care to make a man's life easy and agreeable to himself; so it is more particularly the duty of such as are engaged in friendship, and nearer commerce with others. Those who have their joys, have also their griefs in proportion; and none can extremely exalt or depress friends, but friends. The harsh things which come from the rest of the world are received and repulsed with that spirit which every honest man bears for his own vindication; but unkindness, in words or actions, among friends, affects us in the inmost recesses of our souls.

FRIENDSHIP.—I lay it down as a fact, says Pascal, that if all men knew what they say one of another, there would not be four friends in the world. This appears by the quarrels which are sometimes caused by indiscreet report.

THE WIDOW AND HER SON

BY EDITH STANLEY.

The Widow looked upon her boy
(He was on only child),
And through her tears a gleam of joy
Beam'd, as on him she smiled.

She *wept*, because she thought of one
Who in the tomb did lie.
Why was his course so quickly run?
Why doom'd so young to die?

She *smiled*, for in the infant's face
The father lived once more;
And the fond mother loved to trace
The likeness o'er and o'er;

And every look with joy to hail,
And every movement watch,
And one ray more (through the dark veil)
Of rising hope to catch.

Vain hope, so quickly raised! as soon
Thy sun must set again;
For, ere another short-lived moon
Shines o'er the haunts of men,—

Buried with yonder babe, each plan
In the cold grave shall be!
Since sorrow is the lot of man,
Widow, there's more for thee!

See, even now the tyrant's hold
Is on the unconscious prey;
And his cold grasp that frame shall mould
Into a lifeless clay.

"Merciful God! in pity spare,
Nor tear from me my child!
Oh, hear a lonely widow's prayer!"
She calls in accents wild.

"Oh, spare! or take the mother too!
Thou ruthless foe, begone!
Would'st thou, grim Death, the tie undo
Which made us ever one?"

Heedless, he takes his poison'd dart,
And aims it at the son;
But, ah! not Death himself could part,
For *love* had made them one.

So close she clung the while he aimed,
The *double* deed was done;
And *two* fair forms the tyrant claim'd—
The Widow and her Son!

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THE COBBLER'S TEMPTATION.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Jareb Gropp sat in his little shop, upon his low bench, and he pegged and tapped away merrily upon his well-worn knees. He was a jolly fellow, was Jareb. Poor, 'tis true—but just poor enough to be free of care. He owned the roofed box in which he worked, and so he owned the little thatched cot that joined it. In the cot were two rooms, and in the shop was one. In the cot he lived, with his wife and seven children, and in the shop he worked cheerfully all the day long. He was not afraid of robbers, for he had nothing worth carrying off; and he feared no man, for he never did man a wrong.

A merry fellow was Jareb Gropp. He sang as he pegged, and his joyous notes lacked only musical sound to make them attractive. He was built after the same pattern as were his cot and shop. He was short and dumpy, with a round, shiny, good-natured face, and with a bald pate, though he was only five-and-forty.

"Troll-de-rol-lol-de-lol-lardy!" sang Jareb.

"Fol-de-rol-de-riddle-de-rol-de-rinctum!" sounded a voice from the inner door.

Jareb looked up and saw his wife.

Just a match for Jareb, for all the world. Short, fat, clean, good-natured, and happy as a happy queen. She was dressed neatly for all her poverty, and the flush of health glowed upon her plump cheeks.

"Duck," said Jareb, "the likes o' this never happened afore."

"What is it, my own sugar-plum?" asked Hepsebeth.

Hepsebeth was her name, though she hadn't heard it pronounced in full for years.

"D'ye see this shoe, delight?"

"Yes, my love."

"'Tis the last work in the castle. Not another place to put a peg have I got by me. We'll shut the gates, lower the draw-bridge, put the warden on guard, and call up our coach, eh?"

"Ye mean we'll go and walk, peppermint?"

"I do, treasure."

"Shall I put on my silk, or satin? or my new velvet?"

"Put on all on 'em, my dear. We'll make an appearance. Hi-fol-de-rol-lol-de-rol-ladi!——There (tap) that's the last peg—and old Smith's shoes are done. *Smith—Smith*—didn't ye ever feel thankful your name warn't Smith, Heppy, eh? There was a Smith put in jail only last week for robbin' somebody. But ye never heard of a Gropp's bein' put in jail—never. Now, my maple-sugar, we'll be off. Rig up the little Groppses."

Hardly had Heppy departed, when a man made his appearance at the shop-door. He was an old man, very well dressed, in black throughout, carrying a gold-headed cane, and wearing a watch-chain of the same precious metal.

"Are you a cobbler?" he asked, as he entered.

"I was two minutes ago, sir; but I'm an old feudal baron now, sir! Lady Gropp is going to ride out, sir, and I'm to attend her."

"Eh—are you not the man who does mending?—mending of boots and shoes?" asked the visitor, moving back a pace, as though he feared the strange fellow before him was crazy.

"Yes, sir," answered Jareb, "I'm the man. But, ye see, my wife hasn't walked out for more'n a month. I just tossed off the last bit of work I had in the shop. I'd hurried it amazingly, and was just agoin' to take a run down by the river with her and the little ones."

"Aha—I see," said the old gentleman, smiling. "Now you just run and tell your lady to wait for you half-an-hour, and I'll satisfy her for it. I am in a hurry. The stage leaves in an hour, and my boot has given out. Come—you won't refuse to assist me under such circumstances?"

"Hi-dum-de-fol-lol! Well—I s'pose I must stick to my business."

Thus speaking, Jareb left the shop, and when he returned he put on his apron again, and settled into his low seat. The old man took off his cloak and sat down, and the cobbler pulled off the fractured boot. It was ripped badly. Jareb made him a stout waxed-end, singing merrily the while, and when 'twas ready he took up the boot.

"You seem to be a happy fellow," remarked the visitor, after he had watched Jareb's good-natured face awhile.

"Why shouldn't I be? I owe no man anything—have my health—and love to do my work.—Tol-de-rol-lol-de-rol-lardo."

"You've laid by something, I suppose, for a rainy day?" pursued the stranger.

"Aye—thousands upon thousands of dollars, sir!" cried Jareb, giving his awl a furious punch.

"What?—So much as that?"

"Hi! I'd like to show 'em to ye, sir—only they might have dirty faces. Seven on 'em, sir! Seven of the best-natured children ye ever saw, sir, and stout and ragged, too."

"Ah!—I meant to ask if you had not managed to lay by a little money, my good man. You seem steady and industrious."

"Money?" repeated Jareb, with a comical leer. "Does a man lay by money when he's buildin' himself houses and gardens? No, sir. Nor does a man lay by money when he makes half a crown a day and rears seven children. Them little 'uns 'll take care 'o me when I am old, never fear. No, no,—

Money of gold, in hoarded store—
I have none of it—I have none;
I live and breathe—I do no more—
To-day it's a crust—to-morrow a bone.
Fol-de-rol-lol-lol-de-lido.
And I'm the happiest man alive—
Fol-de-rol-lol-lol-de-lido."

"Then you live contented upon your scanty store?" said the old man, regarding the cobbler rather enviously.

"Just as contented as the day is long, sir. And why shouldn't I. I won't starve while there's a crust in the house, or a ripped shoe in the village. I should like money if I could have it; but I wouldn't pass one day and night of discontent for all the money in the world."

"And if you had money what would you do with it?"

For the first time Jareb looked sober. His awl was stopped in the puncture it had made, and his eye rested vacantly upon the floor. When he spoke all his lightness of manner was gone, and his voice was almost tremulous.

"Well—I'll tell ye," he said, while a twitching of the nether lip told that he felt deeply. "I can't help thinkin' that my little ones aren't a comin' up as some folks' little ones are. They're good, and honest, and happy; but if they *could* have a chance to get a leetle more larnin' than their poor old father's got, I shouldn't mind. I can't help thinkin' as how't there may be a bright mind or two amongst 'em, that might make a doctor, or a lawyer, or maybe a minister. But never mind. They're in God's hands. I don't complain. *Complain?*" repeated Jareb, thrusting his awl through, and then pulling it out—"why should I? How many, and many, a rich father would give all he's worth if his children could only be different from what they are?—Sickly and weakly, maybe—or, perhaps bad and wicked. Hi!—

There's no such word as complain—
For by it we nothing can gain,
Save trouble and all mental pain
With a—fol-de-rol-lol-de-dido!—

No, no, sir. I've got enough, and that's more'n everybody's got."

The boot was finished, and the old man took out a golden guinea.

"I've no change for such a piece, sir," said Jareb.

"I don't want any change. Take it all. A shilling is to pay you for mending my boot; and the rest is for your wife and children—to pay them for the loss of their walk. Come—don't disappoint me."

Jareb took the coin, and though his thankfulness was deep, yet its expression was simple and polite.

The old man put on his boot and went away. The wife came in, and Jareb showed his treasure. They were rich as monarch's now. They danced and sang, and then each called the other a fool.

However, after this they went and took their walk—they and their children. The oldest child was only twelve, and the youngest was two. Tommy and Johnny were twins. They were a jolly looking family.

When Jareb returned and entered his shop the first thing he saw was a green silk purse. He picked it up, and found it full of gold. Quick as thought he put on his hat again and ran from the shop. He reached the hotel, but the stage had gone, and the old gentleman had gone in it. So the cobbler returned to his cot, and there sat down with the purse in his hand.

"What shall we do with it?" he said, uneasily.

The wife pondered a long while, and finally she replied,—

"Let's take it down cellar and hide it. Then we sha'n't be robbed of it, nor we sha'n't lose it; and when he comes we shall have it for him."

"But supposin' he should never come, Heppy?"

"Then we'll leave it with our children, and they may use it."

"Heppy—my delight—you are right."

So they went down into their narrow cellar, and having looked all around, they finally removed a stone from the wall, put the purse in—having first rolled it up in many thicknesses of stout paper—and then put the stone back as it was before.

On the following day the cobbler watched for the stage, and when it came he went up to the tavern to see if the old gentleman had come back. This he did every day for two months, and no old man came.

At the end of that time Jareb was taken sick. He was very, very sick; and for a long while the doctor despaired of his life. And Jareb was very poor, too. Many a night the children went supperless to bed.

"Jareb," whispered Heppy with a frightened look, "*there's gold in the cellar!*"

"Don't! don't! Oh! never speak of it again!" gasped Jareb, in agony. "I've thought of it! Aye—there's gold there; but 'tisn't ours—'tisn't ours, Heppy!"

"I didn't mean we'd take it, Jareb—I didn't mean we'd take it!" cried the wife. "I only thought you mustn't die!"

"I shan't die, soul's delight. But I should die if we took *that!* Tisn't our's, Heppy!"

After many days Jareb Gropp was able to walk out. One pleasant autumn day, as he hobbled slowly along upon a crutch and a staff, he saw the stage-coach coming. It passed him, and he saw that same white-haired old man upon the box with the driver. The poor cobbler hurried on, and when he reached the tavern he found the old man standing in the hall.

"Ah—is this my merry cobbler?" cried the stranger.

"I am the cobbler who mended your boot last spring, sir," replied Jareb.

"Yes—I know," added the old man; "and the stage-driver tells me you have been very sick."

"I have been sick, sir. Ah, I was made nervous first; and then I caught a cold. Yes—I've been very sick."

"The driver tells me your family suffered much during your illness."

"Some—some, sir. But that isn't the thing now. Didn't you lose something the day that you came to my shop?"

"Lose?" repeated the old man, starting. "Did you find anything?"

"Yes, sir."

"Was it a purse?"

"Yes, sir."

"Of green silk?"

"Yes, sir."

"With fifty gold guineas in it?"

"I don't know what was in it. I found it; and if you will go down with me you shall have it."

The stranger regarded the cobbler for some moments in silence, and finally said he would go. So Jareb led the way to his little cot.

"Here, my love," said the cobbler, addressing his wife, "let us have a candle. The gentleman has come for his purse."

"We haven't got a candle, Jareb; but I have something that will answer."

And thus speaking, Heppy went out, and when she returned she brought a pine-knot which she lighted by the fire. Jareb took this and turned towards the cellar, and the stranger followed him.

"I can get it, sir."

"Go on—I'll follow you."

The cobbler said no more, but hobbled down the the narrow steps, and when he came to that part of the wall where the purse had been concealed he asked his companion to hold the torch. The latter did so, and then Jareb removed the stone, and drew forth a paper parcel all damp and mill-dewed. They returned to the upper room, where Jareb unfolded the stout papers, and produced the purse uninjured.

"Here, sir: Here is your purse, just as I found it."

The old man emptied out the broad gold pieces and counted them—just fifty of them. He returned them to the purse, and then looked into Jareb's face.

"Have you suffered for want of money during your sickness?" he asked.

"Much—much," was the answer.

"And you had this gold by you all the while?"

"It wasn't ours, sir. O—I may have suffered, but not as I should have suffered had I taken that. It wasn't mine—it was yours. Take it, sir; and when you remember poor old Jareb Gropp and his seven children, and his own wife—you'll say they weren't very l'arned—but you'll say they were honest!"

"Gropp?—*Gropp?*—GROPP?" repeated the old man, fixing his gaze, not upon Jareb, but upon his wife. "You are not from England, are you?" turning to Jareb.

"Yes, sir," answered the cobbler.

"From what part?"

"From Daventry, among the hills of Northampton."

"And what was your name before you were married?" the old man asked of the good wife.

"My maiden name was Hepsebeth Munson, sir."

"Were you from Daventry?"

"No, sir. I was from Kibwarth, in Leicester. I went to Daventry to live when I was sixteen."

"You never had a brother?"

"Yes, sir. I had one—George—he went off to India, and there he died! Poor George! He was a good boy—he was very good to me. He was a smart young man when he went away."

"How do you know he is dead?"

"Because we never heard from him, sir."

"Hepsebeth!" cried the old man, starting to his feet. "Look at me! Look at me, I say! See if ye can't tell me who I am. I remember now of hearing that ye had married a man named Gropp; but I couldn't find where ye had moved. I was negligent—very. But say—do ye know me?"

"It ain't George Munson!" gasped Heppy, starting from her chair, and trembling like an aspen.

"Look at that purse. Didn't ye see that name?" And as the old man spoke he showed her a name, worked in golden thread, but which she had not detected. But she read it now—GEORGE MUNSON.

Then she looked into the time-worn face, and gradually the features of one she had loved in years long agone were revealed to her. It was her brother—her own brother George.

Presently Jareb Gropp saw his wife in the old man's arms, and with one bound he reached the middle of the floor.

"*There!*" he cried. "Now see! Suppose'n I'd taken that gold? If I had, then we'd never have known George Munson! I tell ye, there's always a sunbeam sure to fall upon a good action. It'll come some time, ye may depend. George—how d'e do! Ain't I glad now that we didn't touch your gold. How could I ever have looked my delight's brother in the face after it? How d'e do?—how d'e do?"

The latter half of this speech had been made with the old man's hand in his grasp; for even then the thought had not worked its way through Jareb's honest mind that any pecuniary good was to grow out of this.

But it was indeed Heppy's own brother; and one of the chief objects he had in view when he first set out on his travels was to find his sister if possible. He had forgotten her husband's name, having heard it but once in India, and then only casually in conversation with a man who had just come out. But the old man was rich; and now that he had found the only living relative he had on earth, he resolved to settle down with her.

A large house, on a beautiful eminence, the wealthy owner of which had died, was for sale, and Uncle George bought it; and thither he took his sister's family. And in after times there were some great doings in that large house. The little Groppses had a competent teacher, and they became prodigies of learning. Jareb was utterly astounded at the wondrous intellect they displayed.

But the balance was kept up. As the little ones became more and more advanced, and threw off childish things, Jareb and Uncle George put them on, and became children themselves.

One day the two old men were caught in the act of jumping leap-frog over each other's shoulders; and had not Heppy come out and stopped them, there is no knowing how many necks might have been broken. It was fortunate for them that the good dame retained all her strong sense, for there were many seasons when, in the height of their childish joy, they might have done much mischief, had not she been ever near to watch over and protect them; and once (I have it from good authority,) when she caught them wrestling at "side-hug," she took them by the ears and led them into the house.

But they had to indulge in rough sports sometimes; for as Uncle George had suddenly become thawed out from the ice of misanthropy and lonesomeness; and as Jareb had full as suddenly been lifted up from the dark depths of poverty and want, they found themselves moved by a spirit of joy and gratitude that wouldn't be curbed. So Heppy had to watch them until some of the children became old enough to reason with them; and then she played with the girls in the house, and let the boys take care of the boys out of doors.

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A FORTUNATE ROBBERY.

A French clergyman, riding on horseback, was met by two men on an old hack. They robbed him of his watch and money, and made an exchange of horses. After parting from the thieves, he had not ridden far before his parishioners came out to meet him. His horse, unused to carry double, had probably thrown the thieves. Certain it is, the animal had galloped home without a rider; and the villagers, alarmed for their *cure*, had marched out to seek him. He thus had two horses; and though the one belonging to the thieves was good for little, they had left upon it a pair of saddle-bags, containing two thousand francs!

VIRTUE AND PLEASURE.

AN ALLEGORY.

When Hercules, says the divine moralist, was in that part of his youth, in which it was natural for him to consider what course of life he ought to pursue, he one day retired into a desert, where the silence and solitude of the place very much favored his meditations. As he was musing on his present condition, and very much perplexed in himself on the state of life he should choose, he saw two women of a larger stature than ordinary approaching towards him. One of them had a very noble air, and graceful deportment; her beauty was natural and easy, and her person clean and unspotted, her eyes cast towards the ground with an agreeable reserve, her motion and behavior full of modesty, and her raiment as white as snow. The other had a great deal of health and floridness in her countenance, which she had helped with an artificial white and red; and endeavored to appear more graceful than ordinary in her mien by a mixture of affectation in all her gestures. She had a wonderful confidence and assurance in her looks, and all the variety of colors in her dress that she thought were most proper to show her complexion to an advantage. She cast her eyes upon herself, then turned them on those that were present, to see how they liked her, and often looked on the figure she made in her own shadow. Upon her nearer approach to Hercules, she stepped before the other lady, who came forward with a regular composed carriage, and running up to him accosted him after the following manner:

"My dear Hercules," says she, "I find you are very much divided in your own thoughts, upon the way of life that you ought to choose. Be my friend, and follow me; I will lead you into the possession of pleasure, and out of the reach of pain, and remove you from all the noise and disquietude of business. The affairs of either war or peace shall have no power to disturb you. Your whole employment shall be, to make your life easy, and to entertain every sense with its proper gratification. Sumptuous tables, beds of roses, clouds of perfumes, concerts of music, crowds of beauties, are all in readiness to receive you. Come along with me into this region of delights, this world of pleasure, and bid farewell forever to care, to pain, to business."

Hercules, hearing the lady talk after this manner, desired to know her name; to which she answered, "My friends, and those who are well acquainted with me, call me Happiness; but my enemies, and those who would injure my reputation, have given me the name of Pleasure."

By this time the other lady was come up, who addressed herself to the young hero in a very different manner.

"Hercules," says she, "I offer myself to you, because I know you are descended from the gods, and give proofs of that descent by your love of virtue, and application to the studies proper for your age. This makes me hope you will gain, both for yourself and me, an immortal reputation. But, before I invite you into my society and friendship, I will be open and sincere with you, and must lay down this as an established truth: That there is nothing truly valuable, which can be purchased without pains and labor. The gods have set a price upon every real and noble pleasure. If you would gain the favor of the deity, you must be at the pains of worshiping him; if the friendship of good men, you must study to oblige them; if you would be honored by your country, you must take care to serve it. In short, if you would be eminent in war or peace, you must become master of all the qualifications that can make you so. Those are the only terms and conditions upon which I can propose happiness."

The goddess of pleasure here broke in upon her discourse. "You see," said she, "Hercules, by her own confession, the way to her pleasure is long and difficult, whereas that which I propose is short and easy." "Alas!" said the other lady, whose visage glowed with a passion made up of scorn and pity, "what are the pleasures you propose? To eat before you are hungry, drink before you are thirsty, sleep before you are a-tired, to gratify appetites before they are raised, and raise such appetites as nature never planted. You never heard the most delicious music, which is the praise of one's self; nor saw the most beautiful object, which is the work of one's own hands. Your votaries pass away their youth in a dream of mistaken pleasures, while they are hoarding up anguish, torment, and remorse for old age. As for me, I am the friend of the gods and of good men, an agreeable companion to the artizan, a household guardian to the fathers of families, a patron and protector of servants, an associate in all true and generous friendships. The banquets of my votaries are never costly, but always delicious; for none eat or drink at them who are not invited by hunger and thirst. Their slumbers are sound, and their wakings cheerful. My young men have the pleasure of hearing themselves praised by those who are in years; and those who are in years, of being honored by those who are young. In a word, my followers are favored by the gods, beloved by their acquaintance, esteemed by their country, and, after the close of their labors, honored by posterity."

We know by the life of this memorable hero, to which of these two ladies he gave up his heart; and, we believe, every one who reads this will do him the justice to approve his choice of Virtue.

We very much admire the speeches of these ladies as containing in them the chief arguments for a life of virtue, or a life of pleasure, that could enter into the thoughts of a heathen; but are particularly pleased with the different figures he gives the two goddesses. Our modern authors have represented pleasure or vice with an alluring face, but ending in snakes and monsters. Here she appears in all the charms of beauty, though they are all false and borrowed; and by that means composes a vision entirely natural and pleasing.

◆

CHOICE OF LIFE COMPANIONS.

When we choose our companions for life, if we hope to keep both them and ourselves in good humor to the last stage of it, we must be extremely careful in the choice we make, as well as in the conduct on our own part. When the persons to whom we join ourselves can stand an examination, and bear the scrutiny; when they mend upon our acquaintance with them, and discover new beauties, the more we search into their characters; our love will naturally rise in proportion to their perfections.

◆

MERE CUNNING CONTEMPTIBLE.

After all the endeavors of men whom we call cunning, their whole work falls to pieces, if others trample down all esteem for such artifices; and treat it as an unmanly quality, which they forbear to practice only because they abhor it. When the spider is ranging in the different apartments of his web, it is true, that he only can weave so fine a thread; but it is in the power of the merest drone that has wings, to fly through and destroy it.

A FABLE FOR WIVES.

Be lovely, that you may be loved

Reading is to the mind what exercise is to the body. As by the one health is preserved, strengthened, and invigorated; by the other, virtue, which is the health of the mind, is kept alive, cherished, and confirmed. But as exercise becomes tedious and painful, when we make it of use only as the means of health, so reading is apt to grow uneasy and burdensome, when we apply ourselves to it only for our improvement in virtue. For this reason, the virtue which we gather from a fable, or an allegory, is like the health we get by hunting; as we are engaged in an agreeable pursuit that draws us on with pleasure, and makes us insensible of the fatigues that accompany it.

After this preface, we shall here give a very beautiful allegorical fable, which we particularly design for the use of several fair correspondents, who, in their letters, have complained that they have lost the affections of their husbands, and desire our advice how to recover them:

Juno, says Homer, seeing her Jupiter seated on the top of Mount Ida, and knowing that he had conceived an aversion to her, began to study how she should regain his affections, and make herself amiable to him. With this thought she immediately retired into her chamber, where she bathed herself in *ambrosia*; which gave her person all its beauty, and diffused so divine an odor, as refreshed all nature, and sweetened both heaven and earth. She let her immortal tresses flow in the most graceful manner, and took a particular care to dress herself in several ornaments, which the poet describes at length, and which the goddess chose out as the most proper to set off her person to the best advantage. In the next place, she made a visit to Venus, the deity who presides over love, and begged of her, as a particular favor, that she would lend her for a while those charms with which she subdued the hearts both of gods and men. "For," says the goddess, "I would make use of them to reconcile the two deities, who took care of me in my infancy, and who at present are at so great a variance, that they are estranged from each other's bed." Venus was proud of an opportunity of obliging so great a goddess, and therefore made her a present of the *cestus* which she used to wear about her own waist, with advice to hide it in her bosom until she had accomplished her intention. This *cestus* was a fine parti-colored girdle, which, as Homer tells us, had all the attractions of the sex wrought into it. The four principal figures in the embroidery were love, desire, fondness of speech, and conversation, filled with that sweetness and complacency which, says the poet, insensibly steal away the hearts of the wisest men.

Juno, after having made these necessary preparations, came, as by accident, into the presence of Jupiter, who is said to have been so much inflamed with her beauty, that he prevailed upon her to stay with him, protesting to her that she appeared more amiable in his eyes than ever any mortal, goddess, or even herself, had appeared to him until that day.

This may suggest abundance of instruction to a woman who has a mind to preserve or recall the affection of her husband. The care of the person, and the dress, with the particular blandishments woven in the *cestus*, are so plainly recommended by this fable, and so indispensably necessary in every female who desires to please, that they need no further explanation. The discretion likewise in covering all matrimonial quarrels from the knowledge of others, is taught in the pretended visit to Tethys, in the speech where Juno addresses herself to Venus; as the chaste and prudent management of a wive's charms is intimated by the same pretence for her appearing before Jupiter, and by the concealment of the *cestus* in her bosom.

We shall leave this tale to the consideration of such good house-wives as are never well dressed but when they are abroad, and think it necessary to appear more agreeable to all men living than their husbands; as also to those prudent ladies, who, to avoid the appearance of being overfond, entertain their husbands with indifference, aversion, sullen silence, or exasperating language.

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ON THE CHOICE OF A WIFE.

Enough of beauty to secure affection,
Enough of sprightliness to shun dejection,
Of modest diffidence to claim protection;
A docile mind subservient to correction,
Yet stored with sense, with reason, and reflection;
And every passion held in due subjection;
Just faults enough to keep her from perfection.
When such I find, I'll make her my election.

◆

EDUCATION AN INSUFFICIENT MORAL BASIS.

The modes of producing morality resolve themselves practically into these two—religious motives, and motives of social respectability, or private advantage to ourselves and friends. We are not disposed to include secular education in particular amongst the moralizing influences; good clothes are quite as influential as education, and a comfortable and easy income perhaps better than either. Not even learning will save a man from infamy, if he has strong immoral propensities. It has plunged many a man deeper into it. Lord Bacon himself, the father and the type of the matter-of-fact age, was a sinking spirit in the moral sphere. And if secular education could not save even Bacon from crime and profligacy, how can it be expected to promote the moral improvement of ragged school-boys? Thomas Paine is a notable representative of the philosophical, intellectual, and political class. He degenerated into a slovenly drunkard like Bacon, and gradually lowered as he lived the moral tone of his character and conduct. These two are model instructors of two classes, the one a Christian, the other an Infidel, philosopher. Can the pupil expect to be more perfect than the master? Something else is wanted to make men moral, good, and wise. Education is rather mechanically than morally indispensable in the present age; and it is chiefly to improve the mechanism of society that we should recommend it. Of its moral virtues we can see little evidence either in the speeches of many learned men, or in the statistics of crime.

The lowest species of morality is produced by the passion for respectability, self-interest, and personal comfort. Men placed in a position favorable for indulging this passion, feel it as they feel love when an object of love is present. The highest species of morality is produced by religious faith, which searches the conscience and purifies the heart independent of social considerations. This can only appear after the faith is deeply and permanently established. The first species belongs to the State to cultivate, the latter to the Church. Both are puzzled with the task that has devolved upon them. The one cannot universalize the worldly motive, nor the other the religious motive; but where religion most abounds, whether in the mansions of the learned, or the hovels of the ignorant, there morality is strongest and virtue is brightest.

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A LIE.—The Chinese proverb says a lie has no legs, and cannot stand; but it has wings and can fly far and wide.

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In addition to the above unequalled array of distinguished authors, we are favored with occasional contributions from scores of other popular writers, as will be seen by reference to our columns from week to week.

PRESS AND PULPIT.

The Press and the Pulpit ought to be, if they are not, co-laborers. Not that the pulpit has properly to do with the minutest labors of the press, farther than to reprehend any falsehood or laxity, but because both aim at the elevation of society, and both profess to be guided by the spirit of Christianity, which over and above all other influences, shapes and colors the ideas, sentiments, and habits of the age. The parson and the editor, though in different spheres, are alike the popular teachers of society; both are positioned to make their voices heard as widely as civilization extends, and in whatever tends to affect the morals, peace, and happiness of man, both are alike guilty if they fail to exert their full powers on the side of righteousness and truth.

The press, unquestionably, stands foremost in forming public opinion; in shaping and guiding the impulses of society; but the pulpit, exercising its influence upon the press and upon society, tempers, elevates and refines both public opinion and impulse. The press has ever been more radical than the pulpit, because more intimately connected with the practical life of society, and more keenly alive to its capacities and wants; but that radicalism, however seemingly dangerous for the moment, has had the effect of arousing the pulpit from its too narrow conservatism, and awakening it to a closer survey of the actual condition of society,—and the result is a more harmonious co-working of the two.

Christianity, as manifested by its founder, is precept and example for every class, and every exigency in life. It is not an isolate thing, affecting isolate sympathies and affections, but a broad embodiment of truths and principles, adapted to man in all his ideas and habits; and the pulpit has taken a narrow and unjust view, whenever it has failed to apply it to every moral want, in every condition of society. Until of late, the pulpit has had too little to do with every-day life; it has left the outward organization of society and the functions of government, to material theorists and political philosophers, seemingly forgetting that Christianity was given to man as a basis for society and government. We would not have the pulpit descend in the least from its spirituality; we would not have it forget the great concerns of the soul in the future; but we would have it keenly alive to the temporal manifestations of society—remembering the lesson of Scripture, that "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people"—for therein the spirituality of society is forever working and taking its hues, even like the ores molten in the furnace.

The pulpit should never be a political forum, but the voice of Christian advice and admonition should also never be found wanting there, when the true interests of society and government are at stake. It is the business and duty of the pulpit to watch over societies and nations; to commend virtue, and condemn vice and evil doing, in whatever shape they may appear. To watch over his little flock, and point them on each Sabbath to the gates of heaven, is but a part of the Christian teacher's work. There is the present life, in all its varieties of action, for which he is in a measure responsible. If society is loose and disorganized—if government is wicked and tyrannous—his is the tongue that should first and most loudly reprove them. We are rejoiced to see the pulpit awakening to this broader duty. If the press has been instrumental in this awakening, it has, at the same time, taken much of its own inspiration from the pulpit.

CLOSING UP.

The close of the week—how gratefully it comes to toiling and weary millions. Even those who scoff at religion and its institutions, acknowledge the wise, if not divine, ordination of the Sabbath—a day of rest and peace—wise, because it answers one of the greatest of human wants, as no other device could answer it. As the shadows of evening shall fall to-night, the mechanic and artizan will lay down their toil armor, the finger-worn needlewoman will fold up her work—that brings, alas! too scanty a pittance—and homeward from every busy haunt, will go the host whose hands surround us with the comforts and luxuries of life. And how quiet will become the great city, erst so full of the music of diverse yet mingling labor. The song of the hammer and trowel ceased, the anthems of wheels die away over the deserted streets, and solitude and repose reign masters of the hour. Solitude, so welcome to every better sense. Repose, so sweet after the week's toil, and to be unbroken for a day—repose, which brings reflection and meditation, culturing the soul by a review of the experiences through which it has passed. Joy be with all, in such hours of repose. May they ever strengthen us all, to renew the battle of life with greater earnestness, and with higher aims.

WHO DARE?

We put the question boldly—who dare? There are plenty who dare rush up to the cannon's mouth, for patriotism or pay; a plenty who dare bluster at the slightest chance, and shake their fists in one's face; a plenty who dare do any deed of peril or shame—even to blaspheming God—but who, that can honestly or dishonestly avoid it, dare appear in our streets with a patch on the elbow of his coat, or on the knee of his pantaloons? Who dare have a "seedily" dressed friend, and own him as such before society? Who dare be civil to the humblest woman, and show her, in the omnibus, the car, and on the street, that deference which he hastens to shower on fine gloved and feathered "ladies?" Who dare have it understood among "fashionable" acquaintance that he works hard and diligently for a living, and must be prudent and economical to support himself, if single, or his family, if he have one?

Thus far we have put the question to men. Where is the Miss or the Madam, in these days, who will not pause in the midst of almost any honest labor, to apologize for the "fix" she has been caught in? Where the woman who will promenade our streets in aught but silks, laces and feathers, if she can get them? Where the woman pretending to be "respectable"—let alone fashionable, —who has not a chronic way of turning up her nose at the idea of domestic toil—who is not seriously shocked that any one should fancy she ever visits her kitchen, or nurses her own babies? Where the woman who will choose the blunt, honest, smooth-faced American, with some claim to solid character, for beau, lover or husband, rather than a hairy refugee from some European treadmill or galley?

There are some such men and women as we have inquired about—and all honor to them! There is still some deference for humanity and the solidities of life, left for the worst times and communities. But our daily experience tells us that the mass of "respectable" men act largely upon "appearance," and fear mad dogs less than they do patches. Their credit—many of them being over head in debt—would be ruined by a single patch; their "decent" acquaintance would "cut" them by reason of that same badge. No matter how soiled their real characters, their clothes must be clean and whole. Their courtesies must be reserved for gentlemen and ladies—they cannot afford to be civil to the common "herd" of mankind. And your "fine lady," she must avoid the odor of the kitchen and the nursery. She must keep her hands white and soft, though her husband and father may be on the verge of bankruptcy. "Appearance is everything"—such is the prevailing motto. It is a false, shameful, anti-republican motto. Who that reads this will hereafter stand up against it? We repeat our question—Who dare?

COMMERCE.

Shelley, than whom a nobler poet or more thorough humanitarian never lived, has charged commerce with making individuals and nations venal. Viewed in the light of elder history—of the Carthaginians, Tyrians, and Venetians, for example—there is not a little truth in the charge. Commerce *has been* a fruitful parent of venality—and why? Because its members, more adventurous and ambitious, than intelligent and virtuous, have in the past assumed that *it* was the *ruler* of the products of the soil, and of the labor and thoughts of men's hands and brains, instead of the *servant*, agent, and translater of all these in their surplus, from clime to clime, thereby vastly benefiting and enriching mankind.

The commercial class of nations, until later times, were not the intellectual—for true intelligence has never set that false estimate upon wealth which turns all the means for accumulating it into monstrous engines of injustice and tyranny—they were rather the crafty men. Their profession, for its too apparent venality, was held in contempt by the old Greek and Roman, and the god of thieves—Mercury—light-winged and supple-limbed, was the titular deity of early commerce. But intelligence has cut down the assumptions of commerce, and the charge of venality against it, is no longer, in a sweeping sense, a true one.

In our country and day, commerce has come to be regarded, truly, as the handmaid of agriculture, art, science, and all good enterprise; and its great labor is to enhance the value of the earth's wealth, the toil of men's hands, and the thoughts of men's minds. In this light, conducted by intelligence, it can never rise nor fall into the bloated or dangerous despotism which Shelly saw, looking back at the merchant princes of Tyre and Carthage, and possibly at some "cotton lords" not far from Manchester and Birmingham.

VIRTUES.

Great virtues are rare; the occasions for them are rarer; and when they do occur we are measurably prepared for them. We are excited by the grandeur of the sacrifices. We are supported either by the splendor of the deed in the eyes of the world, or by the self-complacency that we experience from the performance of an uncommon action. Thus the hero perishes on the field of battle, and the martyr at the stake. Little things are unforeseen; they return every moment; they come in contact with our pride, our indolence, our haughtiness, our readiness to take offence; they contradict our inclinations perpetually. Hence we regard not those who, failing in none of the smallest duties of life, yet perform no great deed; nor as martyrs those who merely sacrifice themselves to minuter virtues. It is, however, only by fidelity in little things, that a true and constant love of right and virtue can be distinguished from a passing fervor of spirit—an enthusiasm of the moment. Alexander's reverent care for the captive queen of the flying Persian, sheds a fairer lustre upon his renown than the victory of Arbela, while Hannibal's silent tribute of tears over his dead foe, Marcellus, more marked him a true hero than his triumphant passage of the Alps. In such deeds do the greatest virtues ever shine forth.

EDUCATION.

Above all things else, educate! Though a nation have gold and silver uncounted; though it have a commerce whitening all oceans; though it have genius to invent physical trophies, and enterprize to execute them; though it be a storehouse of the earth's luxuries in time of peace, and a mighty arsenal and tower of fighting men in time of war, yet without a thorough, enlightened education of the heads and hearts of its people, it lacks the chief element of strength and glory. That nation which has Freedom for its tutelar deity, Republicanism for its government, and Schools and Voluntary Shrines of Worship dotting its territory, needs neither standing armies nor navies, to defend and give it influence before the world. Barbarism and serfism can rear pyramids, and Parthenons, but neither of them can stand secure on the basis of self-poised, intellectual strength. "Knowledge is power," and Education a cheap, and the only sure defence of nations.

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1855, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE AUTOGRAPH FEVER.

How much room there would be in the world, if all the fools were put out of it. First, there is a mania for antique furniture; and straightway all the cabinet-shop cock-lofts, and their worm-eaten treasures, are rummaged over for claw-footed tables and steeple-top chairs, invented, if we may believe our doomed back-bones, for rascally heretics. Directly our parlors are filled with these ghostly seats, on which we are expected to squirm, while we attempt to converse; inwardly imploring fate the while, that the bunchy German-worsted rabbit beneath us, may find his legs and let us down on a flat surface. Antique furniture having had its day, retires to make room for antique china, and Credulity goes mad for bowls, cups, jugs, vases and pitchers, dug up to order by those who live on the weakness of others, from unheard-of, unpronounceable, and subterranean ruins; and long histories are improvised to the victimised buyers to be repeated by the latter over the innocent porcelain to a-gape visitors, on festive occasions. Then comes the reign of sea-weed; and old Neptune's locks are torn from his hoary head, to be twisted into wreaths and bouquets, or pressed between gilt-covers, to keep visitors from yawning their heads off when conversation is dull. Fellows—the conchological mania; a most unmitigated shell-out! then the Puseyistical mania, in which the unappropriated feelings of young damsels find vent at their finger ends, in embroidering altar-cloth "fixins," and sacerdotal book-marks, for interesting young rectors. Next the wax-flower and wax-fruit mania; close on the heels of which comes the leather-work maniac, for picture-frames, work-boxes, etc., to be shrivelled up in furnace-heated apartments and finally thrown away.

All this is comparatively harmless; but when this insanity breaks out in the form of the Autograph fever, *then* I implore the aid of straight-jackets for those affected with this contagious disease. Mermaids very possibly are kept out of mischief by keeping up the supply of sea-weed; manufacturers of antique china, and antique furniture, get well paid for their trouble, by those who desire these things; but when you expect an author, who lives by his inkstand, (and is often sick to death of the sight of it,) whose time is bread and butter, and possible fame, to scribble dozens of his autographs per week for your amusement, mail them, and perhaps pay the postage; or give house-room to huge folios, in which you are expected to write your name, and which you are to preserve intact till it suits the whim of the owners to send for them; I call *that* ————. Don't *you?*

FANNY FERN.

A CRYING EVIL.

I wonder if shopkeepers (who often, I confess, are bored to death by silly women,) are aware that there are some sensible ones, who go shopping because they wish to purchase, and not to amuse themselves; who make up their minds before they start, what they want, and how much, and are not to be coaxed or badgered into buying what they don't want; who are disgusted and annoyed beyond measure to have a store-keeper rattle off an inventory-volley of his goods in their ears, the instant they have the ill-luck to close his door; or to have some grinning ape follow them round with his face within an inch of their noses, with, "can't I *tempt* you, ladies? *Allow* me—*permit* me—if you'll *only* let me show you what I have," &c., &c. Equally disgusting is the impertinent practice of informing a lady, that some article she desires, *which the shop-keeper does not happen to have*, is "old-fashioned," or "out of style;" or to make her walk to the end of a long store, and frequently up stairs at the end of that, (for an article which they positively assure her on her entrance that they have,) only to shew her some fabric, between which and the desired article they think she will not know the difference. These are losing games for any shop-keeper to play; for any woman of sense would think it worth her while to walk an extra mile to a store where she is treated civilly and respectfully; where she is allowed to get her breath after entering, before she is deafened with interrogatories; or to cast her eye upon a piece of goods, without having a yard-stick and a pair of scissors immediately brandished under her nose.

FANNY FERN.

OUR DARLING.

Still smiling, though he couldn't speak,
He lay at sunset,—just at night
The cherry hue of lip and cheek
Went back into the blossoms white.

His picture, hanging on the wall,
The flower he planted, you may see,—
His half-worn frock, and these are all
Between our hope and memory. ALICE CARY.

WHO IS IN MOST FAULT?

When business men fail, their wives and daughters are, not unfrequently, censured as the cause of it. They *have* been "extravagant," perhaps, in the legitimate sense of the word—that is, they have been living beyond the means which actual profits were furnishing. But, however blamable they may have been, the husband and father is often as much in fault, even in domestic matters, as the wife and the daughters. They are extravagant because he encourages their foolish expenditures, when he ought to know that his business will not justify them.

But business men themselves, may be in fault in another way. They may have begun business with very little capital—perhaps none at all of their own. The moment that they are making money, they begin to change their domestic customs. They suddenly discover that the dwelling which did well enough previously, is too small. A larger one is to be straightway hired, or purchased. When this is determined upon, wife and daughters suggest the idea of a more fashionable neighborhood—perhaps nothing short of the Fifth Avenue will suffice as the new location! Of course a house will cost more there than in some pleasant and entirely respectable cross-street. But husband and father yields the point.

The larger the house, the more expensive—the more fashionable the neighborhood, the more fashionable the furniture. So the old furniture, purchased but recently, must go to the auction-room, with the certainty of loss. The larger house and finer furniture call for more servants—the new style of living and the new social circle for more expensive dresses—and so the domestic expenditures go on increasing far beyond the means which his business will legitimately furnish. Then, without the courage to confess the woful mistake to his family, and go back to his older and simpler habits, he makes some desperate venture in trade, to sustain his domestic outgoings. Some misstep is taken—the "smash" comes—and he is a "broken merchant!" We need not trace the consequences in his home, for further proof that the fault is as much his own as his family's.

"TOO THICK TO THRIVE."

This popular saying, no doubt, has had its origin in the experiences of agriculture. If the farmer sows his seed grain in undue proportions to the varying strength of his fields, he knows that it is "too thick to thrive." If he turns too many cattle upon a particular pasture, he knows that they will prove "too thick to thrive." So of the pigs in his pens, the cattle in his stalls, the chickens in his poultry-yards. Everywhere he must see to it that the condition of "too thick to thrive" is avoided, if he expect his *business* to "thrive." But there are less literal applications of this saying: How lamentably do we not find it, often, illustrated by the results of social and domestic intercourse? Among persons related as neighbors, the bane of this condition of "too thick to thrive" is often felt to the sorrow of whole neighborhoods. In those related as inmates of the same house, it is still more apt to find sad illustrations. Two strangers, for instance, come together in one of these relations. They have, perhaps, never seen each other before—never even heard of each other, it may be. Consequently they know nothing of each other's dispositions, habits, or antecedents. Yet they rush, as it were, into each other's arms, in the superfluity of sociality. They become confidants at once, in the mutual self-assurance of a rare congeniality. For a time they get along very smoothly and pleasantly. But, lo and behold, some little squall of gossip strikes the craft of their fancied congeniality. It is capsized for want of ballast, and a wreck is the inevitable consequence!

"I *thought* it would be so!" exclaims some more cautious neighbor or fellow-boarder, "for they were too thick to thrive."

That there was ground for fearing such a finale, the sequel, in such cases, is sure to demonstrate. The sudden intimacy is destroyed, and the parties to it fly apart with a violence of repulsion only equalled by the fervor of their fancied congeniality! Intimate friends straightway become bitter enemies. Others are, in all probability, involved in the quarrel, until the peace of the house and neighborhood is utterly destroyed!

Here are *some* of the evils to which points the valuable warning of our caption. A greater degree of caution in the formation of acquaintance, and especially in contracting intimacies, would insure social exemption from not a few lamentable evils, caused by being "too thick to thrive."

BUDS.

"I am afraid," said a friend of ours interested in fruit-growing, "that the open weather, which has prevailed of late, will cause the buds to start too soon for safety, and that there will be another failure of the fruit."

How illustrative of the experiences of human life! Many are the buds of hope that are destroyed by the frosts of adversity, ere the blossoms are fully blown, so that the fruit never comes.

See that young mother, with her first-born. It is the bud of parental bliss to her. In her dreams of its future, and of the fruit of its grateful love, she is happy as mortal can be. Its every motion and its every tone are watched with delight, and the beams of its countenance are as the rays from angels' eyes to her soul!

Would we could insure the unfolding of that bud into even childhood's blossom, to say nothing of the fruit of a maturer life. But we cannot. Ere the spring time has gone, the frost of disease may have nipped and blasted it utterly, or (what is worse) left it to exist as a decrepid sufferer through long years of agony!

See that bud of girlish beauty. What promises it gives of fruition, rich and rare, in womanhood. What exultant expectation on the part of her doting parents—what admiration on the part of scores of admirers. They impatiently await her escape from the restraints of the school-room, and the removal of other barriers to her acquaintance and favor. Alas! they may wait in vain! That hour may never come. See, already, the hectic flush upon her young cheek! It makes her appear all the more beautiful. But it points to the sepulchral vault rather than the bridal hall. Consumption has already been sent, as a messenger from Death himself, to claim another victim. The fruit of her maturity will never come!

Verily, uncertain are all the fruitions promised by the buds of human hope.

BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

What millions of newspapers are read daily on this round earth. And how little thought does the vast mass of readers cast back of the curtain, behind which this type-leviathan, the newspaper, plumes itself for the instruction and amusement of the world. How little do they know of the toil and unrest which a multitude of mental genii undergo daily, in preparing the banquet of intellect and humor for their rapacious palates. They take up the newspapers, bright and scintillating—it amuses, interests or charms them, and not one in the thousand but thinks this product of brain and hand, of as simple and easy culture as the turnips in a farmer's field. To these the editor is all-creative, weariless, ubiquitous. He writes of "here, there, and everywhere." He can give them sermons and sonnets, political disquisitions and philosophical abstractions, a dirge or a joke, a eulogy or an epitaph, as readily as the tree shaken by a gusty wind drops its ripened fruit. Days, months, and years, pent up and unrecreative, his brain seems to them of endless and infinitely various capacity. He can think for them, make their opinions, and, in a word, tell them all that the world *is* about, what it *has been* about, and what it probably *will be* about to the end of time. And for all this, to them seemingly simple labor, but in reality mightier than all other revolutionary forces, let the readers, while they pay their two pennies or their four pennies, thus becoming patrons, entertain some adequate idea of the wonderful machinery of newspaper life, and the trials and toils of the editor. Ah, how few do this! How few look behind the curtains that hide most of the great realities of the age.

SENSELESS WITS ANNOYING.

An easy manner of conversation is the most desirable quality a man can have; and for that reason coxcombs will take upon them to be familiar with people whom they never saw before. What adds to the vexation of it is, that they will act upon the foot of knowing you by fame; and rally with you, as they call it, by repeating what your enemies say of you; and court you, as they think, by uttering to your face, at a wrong time, all the kind things your friends speak of you in your absence.

These people are the more dreadful, the more they have of what is usually called wit: for a lively imagination, when it is not governed by a good understanding, makes such miserable havoc both in conversation and business, that it lays you defenceless, and fearful to throw the least word in its way, that may give it new matter for its further errors.

CURRENT ITEMS.

THE proprietor of one of the hotels at Washington having administered strychnine to the rats of his establishment, the victims made a rush to the cisterns and wells of the hotel, to quench their thirst, and died therein by hundreds. The consequence was, the boarders at the hotel, including Mr. Buchanan and hordes of office-seekers, got a great deal more than they bargained for. This matter was at first considered only a subject for jest, but when some of the sufferers had died, it came to be regarded as rather a serious affair. The wells and cisterns on being opened for cleaning out, presented a most disgusting spectacle. This should serve as a caution to families who design poisoning their rats.

A LATE French paper states that a peasant in the South of France, was recently condemned to death, for the murder of a baby eleven months old, whose head he had hacked off, under the popular delusion that a lantern, made of the infant's skull, would render the carrier of it invisible! It seems almost incredible that a community should exist in a civilized country, in this age of the world, who believe in such horrible superstitions.

IT will be remembered that, some weeks since we chronicled the fact that an American gentleman in Paris named Morey had been shot down by the sentinel of a debtor's prison, in which Mr. M. had been illegally confined. Louis Napoleon has since presented Mrs. Morey 500,000 francs—ninety-four thousand dollars. That is a much greater reparation than our Government would have been apt to make for such an accident.

FOUR sons of Mr. Lawson McCloud were returning from school, recently, in Barrington, Ill., when one of them broke through the ice of a slough, and two of the others, in trying to save him, also fell in. The youngest then ran off for his father, but when he arrived, all three were drowned.

A PARISIAN letter-writer says that the dealers in stuffs of which ladies' skirts are made, are fearful of being "stuck" with immense quantities of the raw material, now that hoops are going out of fashion and the circumference of ladies' gear is so rapidly contracting.

IT is said that the oldest clock now going in America is the one in the Philadelphia Library. It wants but a few years of being two centuries old. It was made in London, and is said to have been once owned by Oliver Cromwell.

THE Morning Herald, published at Sidney, in Australia, says a golden nugget, weighing 5 cwts., was recently found near Louisa Creek. The value of the nugget is estimated at $100,000. This is the biggest "lump" yet found in any "diggings" whatever.

THERE is a prisoner in the Auburn Prison who is within a few months of being a hundred years old. He fought with Washington and Lafayette in the Revolution, and under General Scott at Chippewa.

ON the 8th ultimo, Mrs. Mary Taylor, of Hampshire county, Va., seeing an eagle making havoc among a flock of geese, seized a club and striking the national bird, killed it on the spot.

THE draft of Washington's farewell address, in his own hand-writing was recently stolen from the State Department at Washington, and has not yet been recovered. There is nothing too mean for a thief to do.

CERTAIN pork merchants have been throwing into the market the flesh of hogs that died of hog-cholera. This is an infamous tampering with health, and should be punished with inexorable severity.

MRS. MARY ANDERSON, of Ohio, recently obtained a verdict of $4,500 against the Pittsburgh and Cleveland Railway Company, for the killing of her husband by an accident on one of their trains.

A DWELLING house in Beemerville, N. J., took fire a few nights since, from sparks from the chimney, while the family were asleep, and three children were burned to death.

A BILL to enable married women to hold property in their own right has been rejected by the Legislature of Delaware. We hope all the women will move out of the barbarous little State.

THERE are one hundred and forty-four colleges in the United States, the oldest of which is Harvard. In addition to these, there are forty-six theological seminaries.

IN the year 1657 a man was prosecuted in the city of London for selling coffee, "as a nuisance and a prejudice to the neighborhood."

AN American company has contracted with the Emperor of Russia to raise all the ships sunk in the harbor of Sebastopol.

A WOMAN seventy years old recently committed suicide, at her daughter's residence in West-st, by hanging herself with the cord of the window curtain of her bed-room.

No less than four brake-men on the Central Railroad, residing in Utica, have been killed within a few weeks.

KANZAS is more than twice as large as the State of New York.

WIT AND HUMOR.

PLAIN SPEAKING.—An Indiana woman thus notices her absconding husband:—"Left my bed and board last fall, thereby rendering my expenses lighter, my legal husband, John ———, without cause or provocation. All the old maids, and young girls and widows, of all ages and conditions, are hereby forewarned against harboring or trusting him on my account, as I am determined not to be accountable for his debts, or more especially for his conduct, because he is a loafer, a drunkard, a gambler, a liar, and a thief."

THE close elbowing of the poetical and practical is a most marked peculiarity of America, and it is very well hit off in the following quotation from a down-east political speech:—"I have lived to see the wilderness blossom as the rose, the village church spire glisten in the rays of the morning sun; and one night the stream rose twenty feet and carried away my mill, which cost one thousand dollars."

"I RECKON I love her," said a Yankee accountant to his sweetheart. "How on airth, Jonathan do you arrive at the calkelation?" inquired the fair one. "By simple addition," replied the ready reckoner, "for when I have you hanging on my arm, I guess my sum of happiness is complete."

"Do you know Mr. ———?" asked one friend of another, referring to an old gentleman who was famous for his fondness for the extract of hop. "Yes, sir, I know him very well." "What kind of a man is he?" "Why, in the morning when he gets up he is a beer barrel, and in the evening when he goes to bed he is a barrel of beer."

SOME excitement prevails in Boston in respect to a christening said to be "going on." The little hero is having such a long name conferred upon him, that the "latest accounts" break off by describing the parson as "left speaking."

GRACEFUL COMPLIMENT.—Washington, visiting a lady in his neighborhood, on leaving the house, a little girl was directed to open the door. He turned to the child and said, "I am sorry, my little dear, to give you so much trouble." "I wish, sir," she replied, "it was to let you in."

WHY did a fat fellow, who was very much squeezed going into the opera-house, become very complimentary to the ladies?—Because the pressure made him *flatter*.

"I HAVE been talking for some time to D——," said an artist to a friend, "and I find there is nothing in him." "You have been lucky," was the reply, "for I have always found tha man *full of himself*."

YOU bought these stockings in Wales, didn't you?—Why so?—Because they seem well-chose (Welsh-hose).

A RADICAL politician perceiving two crows flying side by side, said, "Ay, that is just as it ought to be; I hate to see one crow over another."

A CORRESPONDENT inquires whether the keeper of a beer-shop licensed not to be drunk on the premises, is liable to a fine when he or his wife is drunk there?

WHY may a professor without students be said to be the most attentive of all professors?—Because he has only two pupils, and they are always in his eye.

JUDGE BROWN used to do a little discounting. He was in the habit of saying, "Friendship may be a name, but it's one I have never seen yet—at the back of a bill."

WHAT is that, that can be right but never wrong?—An Angle.

WHAT is that about relations which is so pleasing?—That you are not obliged to own them.

WHEN are race-horses' tails like bonded goods?—When they are "docked?"

THE weather this winter has been so extremely severe, that one could easily catch *two colds in one day*.

WHY is Sunday the strongest day?—Because the others are all *week* days.

THE SUMMER STORM.

BY ALICE CARY.

At noon-time I stood in the door-way to see
The spots, burnt like blisters, as white as could be,
Along the near meadow, shoved in like a wedge
Betwixt the high-road, and the stubble-land's edge.

The leaves of the elm-tree were dusty and brown,
The birds sat with shut eyes and wings hanging down;
The corn reached its blades out, as if in the pain
Of crisping and scorching it felt for the rain.

Their meek faces turning away from the sun,
The cows waded up to their flanks in the run;
The sheep, so herd-loving, divided their flocks,
And singly lay down by the sides of the rocks.

At sunset there rose and stood black in the east
A cloud with the forehead and horns of a beast,
That quick to the zenith went higher and higher,
With feet that were thunder and eyes that were fire.

Then came a hot sough, like a gust of his breath,
And the leaves took the tremble and whiteness of death,—
The dog, to his master, from kennel and kin,
Came whining and shaking, with back crouching in.

At twilight the darkness was fearful to see—
“Make room,” cried the children, “O mother, for me!”
As climbing her chair and her lap, with alarm,
And whisper—“Was ever there seen such a storm!”

At morning, the run where the cows cooled their flanks,
Had washed up a hedge of white roots from its banks;
The turnpike was left a blue streak, and each side
The gutters like rivers ran muddy and wide.

The barefooted lad started merry to school,
And the way was the nearest that led through the pool;
The red-bird wore never so shining a coat,
Nor the pigeon so glossy a ring on her throat.

The teamster sat straight in his place, for the nonce,
And sang to his sweet-heart and team, both at once;
And neighbors shook hands o'er the fences that day,
And talked of their homesteads instead of their hay.

KARMEL THE SCOUT;

OR,

THE REBEL OF THE JERSEYS.

A STORY OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.,

AUTHOR OF “THE GUNMAKER OF MOSCOW,” “THE STORM SECRET,” “ORION, THE GOLD-BEATER,” ETC., ETC.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1857 by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York

CHAPTER XXVIII.

BKOKEN BARS, AND A BROKEN HEAD.

Karmel gazed up in the direction pointed out by his companion, and he could distinguish a break in the ceiling, where a narrow line of dim light was visible. It seemed as though a trap-door were being opened. But the mystery was soon solved. A voice from above spoke, in a whisper, but yet plain to those below,—

“Who are you, down there?”

“Prisoners,” returned Robert.

“What kind of prisoners?”

The youth hesitated a moment, for this was something unexpected. But he quickly saw that to tell the truth plainly could do no harm, and that to prevaricate could do no good. So he said,—

“We are Rebels of the deepest dye!”

“Good,” uttered the man above, who spoke with a gruff voice, but frankly and openly. It was one of those kind of voices which could not possibly find room in a small heart. “We are of the same stripe up here. We heard ye callin' for water, so we knew ye must be prisoners. Mayhap ye've heard of Mark Redcliffe? And maybe ye've heard of his brother Harry? We're both here. Now, who may you two be?”

“Mark and Harry?” cried Robert, leaping to his feet. They were his own men. They had been with him for years. They were with him when he took the British brig. “Don't you know my voice?” he asked.

“It's got a familiar ring to it; but it sounds odd down in that place.”

“Well—it is Robert Pemberton.”

“Robert—Captain Pemberton! you don't—— But 'tis! I know ye now! By the holy piper, Captain, I'd be the happiest man alive to have met ye in any other place. But who's with ye?”

“Karmel.”

“Jerusalem!—Karmel? And have the villains got the two best men in the Jerseys in their power?”

“Is there a window to your room?” Robert asked.

“Yes. But it's got iron bars to it, that no mortal man can break.”

“Karmel,” gasped our hero, turning towards the spot where he supposed the old man stood, for the opening of the trap-door had not thrown light enough into the dungeon to enable them to distinguish objects, “may there not be a means of escape here? We can cut those bars; and cut off our irons, too!”

“Of course there's means,” the scout returned. “If they can lift us up there we may soon find the way into fresh air!”

“Mark,” said the youth, addressing his friend above, “if we can contrive to get up there we can very soon cut off anything in the shape of iron.”

“Ye can?”

“Yes. We are prepared for such work. We have no windows here at all.”

“We could get ye up easy enough if we had our irons off.”

“Hold on a few moments. We'll see what can be done.—Here, Karmel: come and take off my neck-tie.”

Robert kneeled down as he spoke, and the scout very easily cast off the tie. In this tie were the blade and bow of a fine saw. The bow was made in a semi-circular form, on purpose to conceal in that manner; while the blade was of course flexible enough to be brought into the same shape.

When the two Rebels had escaped from the prison in New Brunswick they knew they should be liable to be imprisoned again; and they kept the little saws which Rosalie had brought to them. Subsequently Andrew Van Ruter made new bows, or frames, for them, so that they could be concealed in the neck-cloth—almost the last place in which a man would think of looking for a saw! Thus the Rebels now had their useful tools at hand.

Robert was but a few moments in fixing the blade into the frame; and having tightened it by means of a little thumb-screw, he proceeded to cut the connecting bolt of Karmel's hand-irons. When this was done, he cut away his companion's feet-irons; and then had his own cut off in turn. After this he spoke to Mark:

“Sit down upon the edge of the hole and let your feet hang down here,” he said. “Perhaps I can reach them.”

Mark did so, and Robert found that he could reach the feet easily. Without much trouble he felt out the bolt, and placed his saw upon it; and in a few moments the bar was cut in twain.

“Now remove those irons without noise,” said Robert; “and then try to reach me your hands.”

This was easily done. Mark took off the irons from his feet, and as the connection was made by passing the bar through a link of the connecting chain, of course the irons were free as soon as the bolt was pulled out. He then lay down upon his belly and let his hands hang through the trap. Robert reached them easily, and the irons were removed without trouble.

Mark was now free, and he began to plan for the raising of his friends below.

“My old frock is strong enough,” he said. “I can't reach with my hands in any position where I could lift; but if ye'll just take my frock, I reckon I can raise ye.”

As he spoke he pulled the garment off; and having rolled it up properly, he let it down. Robert seized it; and then, by main strength, Mark Redcliffe hauled him up. The fisherman was a powerful fellow, and the weight was but slight upon his stout arms. In the same way the scout was lifted up, and then the trap-door was shut.

A few moments were spent in glad greetings—and they were glad ones—for even the two brothers, in view of the hope before them, and the meeting with their beloved and honored young captain, forgot the deep grief that had oppressed them. They had not forgotten their good old father; but the hope of vengeance was a great relief.—A few moments were spent in greetings, and then they turned their attention to work.

“We must get away as soon as possible,” said Harry Redcliffe. “Oh! I only ask to be once more free, with a good weapon in my hands. Our father shall be avenged!”

“Your father?” questioned Robert. “What of him?”

“Dead!—killed!” groaned Mark. “Shot down before our eyes!”

“But how happened it?”

“It was thus: A party of Tories had come out our way on a foraging expedition, I expect; and they passed our cottage. Harry and I happened to be in, and they saw us, and knew us. Just a week before, Harry and I, with four others, were over in Amboy, and as we came home we passed Widow Noble's house. When we reached it we found eight British soldiers there, just making ready to carry off the old lady's two daughters. We killed two of the villains and drove the rest away; and then sent the family further inland. Well, there happened to be some of them chaps that we drove off in the gang that came along yesterday; and, as I said before, they knew us; and meant to take us. We had no arms; we were cut off from the house; and even before we could get clubs the Tories were upon us. Our old father came out with a gun, and the moment they saw him they shot him! He fell with five Tory bullets in his body! What d'ye think of that?”

“It's hard,” said Robert, sadly.

“It's their nature!” added Karmel, indignantly.

“And it's our nature to revenge such a deed!” pronounced Mark, deeply and solemnly. “God knows we aint neither of us evil-disposed; but when we see such men—turning against their country, and murdering all they can lay their hands on to, it makes me feel as though I could help put 'em out o' the way with a good relish. And we will, too!”

“Hark!” said Harry, just as his brother ceased speaking. “There goes the call! It's just eleven o'clock. We must be off before twelve, or they'll find us in a fuss.”

“We'll make quick work of it,” returned the scout. “But first,—where are the sentries posted? Aint there one under the window?”

“There's one passes under the window once in a while,” returned Mark; “but he don't come regularly. Yet he must be posted somewhere close by.”

“Never mind. We can hear him when he comes. And now let's try these bars.”

The irons had been removed from Harry's feet and hands when the four first came together, so all that remained, before the way was opened, was to cut off the bars. Of these bars there were four—just enough to supply them with arms. And they would make weapons of no mean kind. They were round, and fully an inch in diameter.

The first one had to be cut diagonally, as there was not room to work the saw transversely. But the keen, sharp, diamond-like teeth took hold upon the iron freely, and ere long the two outer bars were out. The sentinel passed twice during the operation, and as he went back the second time Robert looked down to see where he went. He saw him turn the corner and go around in front of the building, where he disappeared, probably meeting there the sentinel who guarded the other end of the prison.

The other two bars were removed, and then a consultation was held. Several ideas were advanced; but Robert hit the right one:

“I have it,” he said, after a short season of reflection. “When that sentinel passes the call he always stands in front of the prison. The next time the call is passed I will slip quietly down and conceal myself behind the big tree close by; then, when the sentinel has come out here and turned to go back I will just rap him upon the head. With him out of the way the rest is easy. Mark's frock made fast by one corner to the stump of one of the bars will be long enough to let us down.”

This was looked upon as the best plan yet presented, and it was finally adopted.

It was now not far from half-past eleven—the time at which the next call would be passed—and as soon as Mark had made one corner of his frock fast to the iron stump, the prisoners turned their attention to each other's accounts of adventure.

Mark and Harry had seen much of the doings of the Tories; and when Karmel and Robert wondered why they were not with the army, they seemed uneasy.

“I don't mean to blame you, nor even to find fault,” said the old scout; “but yet you would do much service with the army.”

“Why are *you* not with the army?” asked Mark.

“Ah—you know I have other business. You know that Robert Pemberton and myself are already in business.”

“So are we,” said Harry. “What's the use? You are two honorable men, and of course we may trust you. I can't bear to leave you, and have you think we are shirking our duty.”

“I don't think that,” quickly answered Karmel.

“And yet you think we ought to be in the service?”

“Why—I thought you might be helping what you could; and perhaps you are.”

“Why not tell them, Mark? You know we may trust them.”

“Yes—tell them,” said the elder brother.

“You will keep our secret,” resumed Harry, turning to Karmel and Robert.

“Of course we will.”

“Well—we *are* in the service—in the service of Washington himself. You understand now.”

“Yes. Forgive me!” cried the scout, seizing the speaker's hand. “Your business is a dangerous one, but I know you have the courage to do it. I did not know when I first spoke but that the fear of your father's safety had kept you at home.”

“No. We could have put him in a place of safety at any time.—He's safe now,—God rest his soul!—We are set here to watch these villainous tories. We have delivered over two hundred of them into patriot hands within a month. Those chaps that took us suppose we are rebels; but they don't dream they have the two——”

“Two what?” asked Robert, as Harry hesitated.

“Well—I might as well out with it——”

“Only be more careful next time,” interposed Mark, with a light laugh.

“I meant that the British didn't know when they took us that they'd got the two *Indians* who have joined their tory bands. That's the way we've done it. We have disguises complete. Our own father didn't know us when we first put them on. We went into the house, and for half an hour he talked with us supposing we were two real redskins. We did that so as to know that our disguises were com——Ha! There goes the call!”

Robert leaped to the window, with one of the iron bars in his hand, and sprang upon the sill. The sentinel upon the opposite side started the call, and as soon as his “*All's well*” had been given to the ears of the listeners, the other sentinel took it up. It was at that moment that our hero was to start. With a nimble movement he slid down by the old frock, and safely dropped to the ground, and then sprang behind a large elm that grew close at hand.

In a few minutes the sentinel came moping along from his cosey leaning place in front. He had been on an hour and a half, and he was tired. From ten till midnight is with most men the sleepiest watch of all; and this man seemed to find it so; for he would walk a few paces, with his head down, and then, with a sort of lurch, start to an upright posture; showing plainly that he was nodding. When about six feet from the tree he began to hum an old ditty, as though to keep himself awake.

“Come, all ye bold soldiers,
Who fight for yer king-er—
Come listen unto me—
A song I will sing-er.”

At the end of the last line, which, like the second, was lengthened out with a yawn, he stopped and let his head fairly drop. But he started up, and broke forth,—

“'Tis of a brave soldier,
Whose heart it was true-er-r—
Who went to the wars,
And—er— Hi tol de rol lol de rol—”

This chorus came in with a spasmodic effort to wake up; and having cast a sleepy gaze about him, he faced about to walk back. The moment his back was turned, Robert sprang forward, and with a well directed blow upon the head felled him to the earth.

Those above saw the movement, and Mark Redcliffe was quickly upon the ground. Karmel came next, and Harry brought up the rear, after which Mark shook off his frock and put it on.

“How is the fellow? He mustn't give the alarm,” said Mark.

“I think I've cracked his skull,” whispered our hero. “If I haven't then he's got a hard one.”

At this moment there was a spasmodic movement of the prostrate body—a sort of twitching of the limbs—and then all was still.

“He's dead!” said Karmel.

“I am almost sorry,” replied Robert. “But it can't be helped. It's the fortune of war.”

Mark stooped down and took off the fellow's cartridge-box, and then, having seized his musket, he turned towards the fence.

“Come,” he whispered. “We mustn't go directly into the road, or that other sentry may see us. This way. I know the ground. It's life or death with us now! The man who stands in our way must look to himself!”

CHAPTER XXIX.

A STARTLING DISCOVERY.

As soon as the newly-escaped rebels had assured themselves that they were not yet observed they started on their way, Mark taking the lead. They knew that their escape must be detected in half an hour, if not much less. The sentinel upon the other side of the prison might miss his companion, and go to find him. However, these thoughts only quickened the fugitives, and they sped on.

Mark led the way over the old log fence which enclosed the prison yard, and made for a piece of wood which skirted the field beyond. Under cover of this wood they glided on towards the highway, and when the guide came to the wall which flanked it, he waited for his companions to come up.

“Do you see that fellow just up the road there?” he asked, pointing to the westward.

The rest looked, and plainly saw a human form pacing to and fro across the way where the road branched off. They could see his musket upon his shoulder, and when his feet touched the hard gravel they could hear his heavy measured tread.

“Here,” whispered Mark, at the same time pulling off his frock, “just hold this, and I'll settle that fellow. I have a plan in my head. Don't stir until you see him drop.”

“Are you sure you can reach him?” queried Karmel. “Those fellows are strict on the challenge.”

“I know it, but I'll blind him. He'll see me in my shirt-sleeves, and he'll think I'm just from the guard-room, or from some other place. Don't fear. I'll settle him. When you see him drop then come on.”

Thus speaking Mark handed his musket to his brother, and then, with one of the iron rods for a weapon, he leaped over the fence. He walked, or rather trotted, towards the lone sentinel, taking the centre of the road, and carrying his rod behind him.

“Who comes there?” demanded the soldier, as the rebel approached.

“A friend.”

“Advance, friend, and give the countersign!”

“Hold on—never mind countersigns now. Have you——”

“Stand!” interrupted the sentinel, bringing his musket to a charge. “If you have the countersign give it to me!”

“I tell you, never mind the countersign,” repeated Mark, nothing daunted by the promptness of the soldier. “I have forgotten it. In the fuss and bother, I didn't half hear it. The mischief is to pay at Major O'Harra's quarters. Has he passed your post within an hour or so?”

“The major?” uttered the soldier, thrown off his guard, but not yet lowering the point of his piece. “Has he gone?”

“Gone? We fear so. There's a man dead at the guard-house, and the major——”

This was Mark's moment. The fellow had brought the butt of his piece to the ground, and had his eyes and ears wide open. The rebel lifted his iron rod, and, quick as thought, he brought it down upon the soldier's devoted head. He sank upon the ground with his skull almost in two pieces, for that blow had been given for liberty, and had a spice of vengeance in it beside.

The other three came quickly up, and having taken the fallen man's musket and cartridge-box, they started on. There were two more sentinels, though only one of them was in the way; and that was the one at the boat-landing. The other one could be avoided.

There were two of these landings. The one above, where the heavy boats crossed, was under the charge of a sergeant's guard, while the one towards which our fugitives were going, was only guarded by a single sentinel—it being only a small affair, with two little skiffs or skulls, for foot-passengers who had occasion to go that way.

The party had gained the top of a gentle rise, not far from the kills, and from whence the water could be seen, when the report of a musket broke upon the still night air. It was from the camp that the report came. In a moment more a large rocket leaped up into the sky, casting a lurid glare over the scene; and the hum of voices could be plainly heard.

“We are missed!” cried Karmel.

“And we are lucky to have got so far,” returned Mark. “If there are no sentinels upon the other side of the water, we shall be safe. Do you see that fellow down by the boat?”

They all three answered that they did, for he walked close by the water's edge, and the outlines of his form were plainly defined against the bright surface.

“Then look ye,” the guide resumed—“let's run down as though we were after the escaped prisoners. We can bother him so as to get a blow at his head before he detects us.”

With this they started; and in a very few moments they were within hailing distance of the soldier.

“Who comes there?” he shouted, showing by his voice that the sudden signal had startled him, for that single rocket told him that prisoners had escaped.

“We're after the Rebels!” cried Mark, in reply. “Have they come this way?—Quick!—a boat! Have you seen them?”

“No!—there haint no——”

The remainder of his sentence was lost to the world, for Mark's ponderous bar descended upon his head like a thunder-clap, and took away his senses and his life.

The boat was quickly cast off, and in it the four men jumped, and then pushed off. To row across—a distance of but little over half-a-mile—was but a few minutes' work; and ere long they stood upon the soil of Jersey.

“There!” said Mark, as they stepped upon the shore, “we are clear of the sentinels, but we ain't clear of the infernal Tories yet. They are scattered all about here; and if any of them have seen that signal, they may be on the look-out.”

“Yet we have the advantage,” returned Harry. “If we see any signs of motion about any of the houses, we can avoid them.”

“Yes, so we can,” resumed Mark. “But we won't talk about danger till it comes. We'll keep the road, and no half-dozen Tories shall drive us out. Come!”

The party set forward at a quick walk, and at the distance of not quite half-a-mile they came to a sort of farm-house, which Robert recognized as the one at which his captors stopped when they brought him on.

“There are horses here, I think,” said the leader.—Mark was still acknowledged the leader, for he not only knew the country well, but he also knew the Tories and their haunts.

“There are horses there,” he repeated.

“And who's in the house?” asked Karmel.

“That's more than I can tell. Sometimes there are more, and sometimes less. Very often marauding and foraging parties get belated, and stop here until morning, as no man can enter the camp after nine o'clock, without a special pass for that purpose. I think we'd better take a look into the barn.”

It was finally agreed that they should do so; and accordingly they crept up behind the buildings without noise. No one was stirring about the premises, save the Rebels themselves; so they judged that no one had been awake here to see the signal. If there had been, of course they would have been up and doing ere this.

These buildings were arranged like many others in that section. The house was upon one side of the road, and the barn upon the other. This was so planned to guard against a general conflagration. If the dwelling should burn up, the barn might be saved; whereas, if the buildings were close together, a single fire would surely sweep off all. The road, at this place, ran nearly east and west. The dwelling, to which were attached a shed and tool-house, was upon the south-side of the way, while the barn was upon the northern side, and very nearly opposite.

The four Rebels crept up to the back of the barn, and seeing a small shutter open, they looked in. They could see the open floor; and above it, suspended from a fork-handle, the prongs of which were stuck into the hay-mow, was a small glass lantern. This would seem to indicate that there was some one within. But as the narrow place through which they looked only gave them a view of a very small portion of the floor, they could not determine what or who might be on hand.

Mark proposed that they should find the back-door, and see if it could not be opened from without. Accordingly they moved along, and soon came to the door in question, which was found to have a hole in it, made on purpose for the insertion of the arm in unhasping it. This was very easily done by Harry, and in a moment more the door was noiselessly opened. The four stepped in, and looked about them.

To their right was a place for the cows; to the left were a row of stalls for horses; and not only were they full, but there were several animals secured by the cows. Front of the stalls was a narrow passage between them and the hay-mow; and into this passage the Rebels cautiously moved. They felt sure that if there was a watch kept in the barn, it would not be likely to consist of more than one man, or not more than two at the most. When they reached the barn-floor, they found a single man there, sitting upon a block, with his back against the hay, while his head was bobbing up and down, like that of a man who would keep awake if he could.

For a few moments the Rebels hesitated. It was evident, however, that the fellow must be removed, or silenced, if they would get off with horses.

“Stand by!” whispered Mark; and as he spoke he lifted his own bar, and tapped the sleeper upon the head.

As the fellow tumbled over upon the floor, Harry and Robert sprang forward and quickly secured him. He opened his eyes just as they were tightening the bandage over his mouth; but he did not seem to have fully recovered his senses. The blow had not cracked the skull, but had confused the brain somewhat.

“Now if we mean to take horses, we must hasten,” remarked the old scout, at the same time turning towards the stalls.

“Bring me out a good horse,” said Robert, “and I'll select you a saddle.”

“I'll do so,” the old man returned.

But there was one difficulty in this. Karmel wanted the lantern to assist him in getting the horses, and Robert could not see to selecting trappings very well in the dark; so the horses were led out first, and then each sought his own saddle and bridle.

Robert had taken the lantern, and having seen a very fine looking set of trappings hanging apart from the others, he approached them. When he came close to them he started, for he recognized the escutcheon of Col. James Lyndarm upon the saddle bow, and upon the gaudy housing.

“Karmel,” he said, “here is the colonel.”

“Eh? Who?” returned the scout, turning towards him.

“Colonel Lyndarm. Is not this saddle his?”

“It is,” the old man cried, as soon as he saw it. “By the mass!—Look here!” Karmel uttered this last exclamation startlingly, and it was plain that something of more than ordinary importance was upon his thoughts.

“Here,” he added, as he reached the beast he had selected for himself, “who's horse is this?”

Robert looked, and a sudden tremor shook his frame.

“My soul!” he uttered. “It's Eugene's!”

“Eugene who?” asked Mark.

“Eugene Deblois,” answered Robert.

“Eugene Deblois! I know him well,” continued Mark, much moved. “He belongs in Amboy.”

“Yes.”

A. Roberts - Sc.

A BLOW FOR LIFE AND LIBERTY

"Why—he's a friend of mine. D'ye think he's a prisoner here?"

"I fear so. This is surely his——"

"Hallo!" exclaimed Harry, who had been examining the various saddles, "here's a woman's saddle. Wonder if they've got a female prisoner."

At this Robert rushed to the spot. It was a female's saddle. If Eugene were there, might not Clara be there also?

"Good heavens!" he gasped, turning to Karmel, "do you think it possible?"

"Yes. Anything is possible these times. But we'll have it out of this fellow."

A large knife had been taken from the hostler when he was secured by Mark, and as Karmel cast off the bandage from his mouth, the elder brother stood over him with the knife aimed at his heart.

"Now look ye," Karmel said as he took off the gag, "if you utter one word above a low tone you are a dead man! D'ye understand?"

The hostler, who was, or appeared to be, a simple countryman, was frightened half out of his wits already; and the presence of that knife struck a mortal terror to his soul.

"Oh-ho! I wont! I wont!" he gasped. "Don't kill me! don't kill me!"

"We wont kill you if you tell the truth," returned the scout, sternly. "But you must understand that we are desperate men, and are enemies to you and your companions. Tell us what we wish to know, and you shall not be harmed. Refuse us, or lie to us, and you die on the spot! Now answer me: Is Colonel Lyndarm in the house opposite?"

"Ye-e-s, sir," gasped the terrified man.

"You need not be alarmed if you tell us the truth. Who came with the Colonel?"

"There were—a—were—seven men, sir;—three officers, sir, and three of his orderlies, sir."

"That's only six."

"Ah—a—I meant seven in all—seven with him."

"And were there no others came with him?"

"Only two prisoners, sir."

"Aha—two prisoners? Who were they?"

"I don't know, sir; only one was a man, and the other was a woman."

"Was it a young woman?"

"Yes, sir,—a very pretty woman, I should judge."

"Didn't you hear her called by any name?"

"No, sir."

"Well—what sort of a looking man was the other prisoner?"

"He was a young man, sir."

"Didn't you hear him called by any name?"

"Only a Rebel Captain. I heard 'em call him that."

"You did?"

"Yes, sir."

"And now tell me how many others there are in the house beside these seven men you have told us of, and the two prisoners."

"There's six others, sir."

"Who are they?"

"There's Mr. Buell, and his wife, and one son, and three soldiers."

"How old is this son?"

"About ten, sir."

"Where are the rest of old Buell's children?" asked Mark.

"They're on the Island, sir, with the army there."

"That's it, eh?"

"Yes, sir,—it's the truth. So help me God!"

"Very well," said Karmel. "Then you say that there are eleven men in the house?"

The poor fellow pondered a few moments, and then replied,—

"Eleven without the old man's wife and the prisoners, sir."

"The old man's wife aint a man, is she?"

"More of a man than he is," answered the hostler, emphatically.

"Aha—then she'll fight, will she?"

"You'd think so if you should see her sometimes, I guess."

The scout smiled, and after a short pause he continued,—

"Where does the colonel sleep?"

"In the front chamber over the parlor."

"And which do you call the parlor?"

"The last room, sir."

"Does he sleep there alone?"

"I believe one of his orderlies has a bed on the floor."

"And where do the soldiers sleep?"

"In the kitchen."

"All of them?"

"All but two. There are two that always stay here; and they sleep in a little room over the front hall."

"Where do the old man and his wife sleep?"

"In the bed-room that leads out of the settin'-room."

"And where is the sitting-room?"

"Opposite the parlor."

"Then their bed-room is back of the sitting-room?"

"Yes, sir."

After this Karmel turned to Robert and asked him if he had any questions to ask.

"One quite important one," returned our hero. "Where are the prisoners?"

"Aye—I forgot them," added the scout. "I was only thinking of those we had to look out for. But where are the prisoners, sir?"

"They're locked up down cellar, sir."

"Both in one place?"

"No, sir. The man is in the great apple-hole; and the lady is in the milk-room."

"What guard is there over them?"

"I don't know, unless some of the soldiers may be kept awake."

"But how are they secured?"

"The man is lashed hand and foot with a strong rope, and his elbows bound back around a stout stone post."

"And the girl?" cried Robert, with a start. "Is she bound like that?"

"O—no, sir. She aint bound to any post."

"But she has her feet and hands lashed, has she?"

"Yes, sir—I think she has."

"Then we've got no time to lose!" cried our hero, starting back. "Will you go with us?" he asked of Mark and Harry.

"Do you suppose you could keep us out?" was the meaning reply. "Where there's a British tyrant to be punished count us in for the work."

There was no more time wasted in talking. The two prisoners must be freed, and it must be done quickly, too; for pursuers might be at hand ere long. The hostler was again gagged, and then the party started for the house, taking the lantern along with them. The only weapons they had to depend upon were their iron bars; but, come what might of resistance, they were prepared to face it.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE WOLF LOSES HIS PREY AGAIN.

When the Rebel party reached the front door of the dwelling, they stopped a few moments to decide upon how they should move after they had gained access to the hall. Should they at first feign some business, or should they at once attack any and all who might present themselves. The latter plan was quickly adopted, as it was most in consonance with their feelings. They were in no mood for delay of any kind.

Mark tried the door, and found it fast. He then gave a rap upon it; but a second was required before any one was heard to stir within. Shortly after this second summons the door was opened by a soldier, who asked what was wanted. Mark knocked him down and rushed in, the others following closely.

The hall led directly to the kitchen, and upon reaching the latter apartment the soldiers were found to be just in the act of starting up from their sleep. The knocking down of their companion at the door, and the rush of the intruders, had served to awaken them; but the Rebels were upon them ere they could gain their feet. There were four soldiers and one officer, the sixth of the kitchen sleepers having been knocked down at the door. It seemed that the hostler had not been fully informed of the sleeping arrangements for the night, the two soldiers who usually slept in the hall bed-room having given up their bed to two of the officers who had come with Colonel Lyndarm.

Had it been a possible thing to secure these soldiers without violence it would have been done so; but the thing was impossible. The men slept with their arms by them, and if they were suffered to gain their feet the result would be fatal. So the Rebels took the only course left. They proceeded at once to knock the newly aroused men over; and in a very few seconds they were sprawling upon the floor. Karmel and Robert used every precaution to avoid taking life; but not so Mark and his brother. The death of that white-haired old man whom they called father, was upon their memory, and their iron rods fell with the power of vengeance.

"We can bind 'em!" cried Karmel, as he saw the last man knocked down.

"Here's two that I don't think 'll need binding," returned Mark.

"And here's another," added Harry.

And it was even so. However, the other two were quickly bound with their own belts; and just as the job was done a side door was opened, and Colonel Lyndarm appeared, sword in hand, followed by his orderly; and almost at the same moment an opposite door was opened, and old Buell made his appearance.

"What does all this mean?" savagely asked Lyndarm, flourishing his sword.

"Villain! I'll show you what it means!" shouted Robert. "Don't you know me?"

"Who are you?"

"Captain Robert Pemberton!"

"Aha! the Rebel brother of my charmer, eh? We'll soon have you disposed of. Here men——"

The Colonel looked about him as he spoke, and his countenance fell as he found that he had no men to back him. Yet he did not seem fully to realize the odds that were against him, for he raised his sword again, and rushed upon the youthful Rebel. He had advanced only a step or two when a blow from Karmel's bar laid him low.

The host had meanwhile made his way back to his bed-room, and his wife made her appearance in his place, with a pair of heavy tongs in her hand. Mark knew her, and he knew, too, that if she were not secured at once she would give them trouble.

"Look 'e, Mrs. Buel," he said, "you'd better go back to your room and stay there. If you will you shall not be harmed; nor shall anything about your premises be troubled—none of your property."

"Oho!—it's *you*, is it, Mister Mark Redcliffe?—Mister Mark Red-*hand!* *You* break into my house, do ye? Git out, every one on ye! Git out, I say!"

Mark dodged a blow from her tongs, and at the same moment Harry caught her from behind and held her arms. Two belts were taken from one of the dead soldiers, and with these she was bound. She shouted and screamed like a wild beast; but her valorous husband showed his discretion by staying in the bed-room, unless he had clambered out at the window and ran off. Her noise was stopped, however, by binding up her mouth with the kerchief which she wore on her head.

In the meanwhile Lyndarm had been bound, though he had not yet recovered from the effects of the blow he had received.

"Where are the other two officers that came with the colonel?" queried Robert.

"Here are all the soldiers," said Mark; "so they may be in the little bed-room over the hall. But look ye! Harry and I 'll bind this fellow, and then stay here to receive 'em if they come, while you two go down cellar."

The man to be bound was the orderly who had come down with the colonel; and as the brothers turned to attend to the work, Robert and Karmel took lights and started for the cellar. They found it without difficulty; and having called Eugene's name a response came from an extreme corner. Thither Karmel hastened, while his companion moved towards what appeared to be the milk-room. The door was secured by a padlock upon the outside, but there was no key in it.

"Clara!" he cried.

Some one moved within, and a faint voice said,—

"Who is it?"

Without further speaking Robert inserted one end of his iron bar within the link of the padlock, and with one quick wrench tore it off. In a moment more the door was thrown open, and he entered. He saw his sister, and for the moment he hoped Lyndarm was dead. She was bound, hand and foot; and the noise she had made was only by the moving of the box on which she sat. The lashings were cast off, and then the fond sister was pressed to her brother's bosom.

"Oh! Clara—my sister!" he uttered, almost overcome with sorrow for her suffering, and rage against the wretch who had caused it, "God be thanked that I have found you. You are not hurt? Oh! tell me he has not hurt you!"

"Only what you see," the maiden murmured, clinging frantically to her brother.

"Then we were in time. But come. We must get away from here as quickly as possible. Come, Clara dear;—you have nothing to fear from him. I will save you now."

"But where is Eu——"

The girl had spoken half of her lover's name when she saw him coming with Karmel. Eugene leaped forward and caught her hand, and his first word was to ask the same question which Robert had just propounded. It was a joyous meeting, for the presence of their two friends gave promise of liberty, and Eugene felt easy when he learned that his loved one was returned to him safe.

"Ha!—There's a row up stairs!" cried Karmel, leaping up the steps as he spoke.

Robert quickly followed, leaving Eugene to conduct Clara. But his assistance was not needed. Mark and Harry had done the work before Karmel got up. The two officers—two lieutenants—had come down from up stairs, and the Rebel brothers had knocked them down, and one of them, certainly, was dead.

All the inmates of the house were now accounted for save the host; but as he did not make his appearance, no further thought was held of him. To think of carrying off any prisoners was out of the question! Pursuers must be along soon—they might be at hand even now. So they took all the weapons they could find, amounting to seven pairs of pistols and five swords, and then turned away. From the time of their entering the house up to the present time had not been long—not over fifteen minutes at the furthest—for they had worked smartly. They had found their enemies half asleep, and all unprepared for resistance, and hence their work had been comparatively easy. Mark and Harry did stop one moment to ascertain how many were alive of the Tory soldiers. They found five men, including Lyndarm, and one of the officers who had come down last. The rest were either dead, or so near like it that no sign of life could be detected.

They now made for the stable, where horses were quickly brought out and caparisoned; and ere long the whole party were in their saddles. Robert had just gathered up his reins when the sound of voices fell upon his ear, and upon turning his gaze to the eastward he could just see the outlines of a score or more of dark forms rapidly approaching the house. They were afoot, and from their manner and tone it was at once evident that they were pursuers.

"See!" our hero cried. "Look there!"

"We are safe," said the scout, as soon as he saw the coming men. "They must stop at the house first to inquire who has just ridden away. Then they'll have to stop there to wonder a spell—then go to the stable and set free the hostler. Ho—we have the vantage now. Come—away!"

Mark and Harry wheeled about and dashed away, and the rest followed close behind; and in a few moments the buildings of Master Buell were lost to sight. They did not slacken their speed until they had gained a point beyond which their pursuers would not dare to follow.

After this the party drew together, and, by request, Eugene related the circumstances of his capture.

"About three weeks ago," he commenced, "I received a letter from Amboy stating that my old aunt was very sick, and not expected to live; and also that she wished very much to see me. How could I avoid going? She had taken care of me from a child up, and had been all that a mother could possibly be. I was then with my company, but I left as soon as I could, and went to Elizabethtown, where I stopped to see Clara. When she learned where I was going she expressed a wish to go with me. I thought there could, or would, be no danger, and consented to her accompanying me.

"We reached Amboy in safety, and I found my aunt very low; but the kind and careful nursing of Clara did much towards restoring her. I remained until I knew that she would recover, and then she bade me rejoin my company. We started from Amboy towards the middle of the afternoon—intending to stop for the night at the house of my friend Davids, in Rahway. I knew there were several Tory families on the road, and that British soldiers might travel that way; but I had no apprehension.

"We had gained about half the distance, and were leisurely ascending a hill, at the top of which the road makes an abrupt turn to the left, about a ledge. We had gained the summit, and were upon the point of turning, when we met Colonel Lyndarm and six others. Clara uttered a quick cry, and as she did so I recognized the officer. At first I thought of turning, and might have done so, had not the colonel instantly dashed in front of Clara and caught her bridle-rein.

"I drew my sword, and rode forward to cut him down. But by this time the others seemed to understand their leader's plans, for two of them drew their swords and rushed at me. Of course you can guess the result. To fight was out of the question; and after Lyndarm caught Clara's rein flight was equally impossible. We were taken prisoners, and carried to the place where you found us."

"And that was last evening, was it?" said Robert.

"Yes. We were taken there, and there we were confined as you saw. Lyndarm told Clara he should have to put her under lock and key in a dubious place for this one night; but that after this she should enjoy a better home. You can judge of my feelings. I had little hope of escape, for I knew we were not far from the British camp, and that no American party would be likely to pass that way. But the deliverance came when I least expected it."

"Karmel," said Robert, turning to the scout, "when you and I were taken prisoners, I did not think a work of good was being commenced; but we can see it now. Does it not seem as though God directed our capture for my sister's salvation?"

"It does, certainly," the old scout replied.

"And we seem to be mixed up in the matter," said Mark. "It seems to be a kind of a mutual concern all round. If we hadn't been there you wouldn't have got clear, and if you hadn't been there we couldn't have got off. And then, if we hadn't all been together, you mightn't have been able to set your sister free after all."

"It is a strange net-work of circumstances, and no mistake," replied Robert. "All have worked together for this general result, with no apparent relation between them at the commencement, but all necessary to the end. The more I think of it the more I see the hand of a power above our own."

The conversation remained upon this subject for some time, and it might have continued longer than it did, had not the party reached a point where the two brothers were obliged to turn off.

"We must part here," said Mark, as he held Robert by the hand; "but I hope we shall meet again."

"If we live we will meet," answered our hero.

"Well," resumed Mark, with much feeling, "be it on the battle-field, or on the road, or in an enemy's prison, we will meet shoulder to shoulder in a good cause."

They all said Amen to that,—then followed an affectionate leave-taking all around; and in a few minutes more the darkness had hidden the parties from each other.

Both Karmel and Robert knew that they had parted with two noble men, and for a while they were almost lonesome; but gradually the feeling wore away, and the conversation flowed more freely.

Our friends pushed on, and just as the first grey streaks of coming morn appeared in the East, the dim, shadowy outlines of the houses of New Brunswick opened to their sight, in the distance ahead.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

◆

Nothing Impossible.—You can do anything, if you will only have patience; water may be carried in a sieve, if you can only wait till it freezes.

A REPLY TO A LADY ASKING A GENTLEMAN HOW MUCH HE LOVED HER.

BY SOLOMON G. FAY.

My passion, Sylvia, to prove,
You bid me tell how much I love.
I love thee, then—but language fails—
More than bees love flowery vales;
More than turtle loves his dove;
More than warblers love the grove;
More than Nature loves the spring;
More than linnet loves to sing;
More than insects sunny beams;
More than poets airy dreams;
More than fishes love the flood;
More than patriots public good;
More than flocks the grassy plains;
More than hinds increasing rains;
More than statesman loves his plot;
More than amorous age to doat;
More than lords their pedigree;
More than Yankees to be free;
More than heirs love twenty-one;
More than heroes laurels won;
More than elves the moonlight shade;
More than ancient maids to wed;
More than hermit loves his cell;
More than beauty to excel;
More than miser loves his store;
More than myself—can I do more?

◆

AN UNTOWARD EVENT.

An old gentleman, a merchant, had an only daughter, possessed of the highest attractions, moral, personal, and pecuniary. She was engaged and devotedly attached, to a young man of her own rank of life, and in every respect, worthy of her choice. All preliminaries were arranged; and the marriage, after two or three postponements, was fixed to take place on Thursday, April 15, 18—. On the preceding Monday, the bridegroom elect (who was to have received $50,000 down on his wedding-day, and a further sum of $100,000 on his father-in-law's dying, as there was prospect he soon would) had some little jealous squabbling with his intended at an evening party. The "tiff" arose in consequence of his paying more attention than she thought justifiable to a young lady with sparkling eyes and inimitable ringlets. The gentleman retorted, and spoke slightingly of a certain cousin, whose waistcoat was the admiration of the assembly, and which, it was hinted darkly, had been embroidered by the fair hand of the heiress in question. He added, in conclusion, that it would be time enough for him to be schooled when they were married; and that he thought she adopted a certain portion of the male attire "a little too soon." After supper, both lovers had become more cool; iced champagne and cold chicken had done their work; and leave was taken by the bridegroom elect, in kindly and affectionate, if not in such enthusiastic terms, as had previously terminated their meetings. On the next morning, the swain thought, with some remorse, on the angry feeling he had exhibited, and on the cutting sarcasm with which he had given it vent; and as a part of the *amende honorable*, packed up with great care a magnificent satin dress, which he had previously bespoken for his beloved, and which had been sent home to him in the interval, and transmitted it to the lady, with a note to the following effect:—"Dearest ———, I have been unable to close my eyes all night, in consequence of thinking of our misunderstanding last evening. Pray pardon me; and in token of your forgiveness, deign to accept the accompanying dress, and wear it for the sake of your affectionate ———." Having written the note, he gave it to his servant to deliver with the parcel; but as a pair of his nether garments happened, at the time, to stand in need of repairing, he availed himself of the opportunity offered by his servant having to pass the tailor's shop, and desired him to leave them, packed in another parcel, on his road. The reader foresees the inevitable catastrophe. Yes! the man made the fatal blunder! consigned the satin robe to Mr. Snip, and left the note, together with the dilapidated habiliment, at the residence of the lady. Her indignation was neither to be described nor appeased. So exasperated was she at what she considered a determined and a deliberate affront, that when her admirer called, she ordered the door to be closed in his face, refused to listen to any explanation, and resolutely broke off the match. Before many weeks had elapsed, means were found to make her acquainted with the history of the objectionable present; but she, nevertheless, adhered firmly to her resolve, deeply lamenting the misadventure, but determined to let the burden of the ridicule rest upon the unlucky lover.

◆

PREVALENCE AND FOLLY OF AFFECTATION.

The world is infatuated with the love of appearances instead of things. Thus the vain man takes praise for honor; the proud man, ceremony for respect; the ambitious man, power for glory. These three characters are indeed of very near resemblance, but differently received by mankind. Vanity makes men ridiculous; pride odious; and ambition terrible. The foundation of all which is, that they are grounded upon falsehood; for if men, instead of studying to appear considerable, were in their own hearts possessors of the requisites for esteem, the acceptance they otherwise unfortunately aim at would be as inseparable from them, as approbation is from truth itself. By this means they would have some rule to walk by; and they may ever be assured that a good cause of action will certainly receive a suitable effect. It may be a useful hint in such cases for a man to ask of himself whether he really is what he has a mind to be thought? If he is, he need not give himself much further anxiety. What will the world say? is the common question in matters of difficulty; as if the terror lay wholly in the sense which others, and not we ourselves, shall have of your actions. From this one source arise all the impostors in every art and profession, in all places, among all persons, in conversation, as well as business. Hence it is that a vain fellow takes twice as much pains to be ridiculous, as would make him sincerely agreeable.

◆

THE DIGNITY OF HUMAN NATURE.

We confess there is nothing that more pleases us in all that we read in books, or see among mankind, than such passages as represent human nature in its proper dignity. As man is a creature made up of different extremes, he has something in him very great and very mean. A skilful artist may draw an excellent picture of him in either of these views. The finest authors of antiquity have taken him on the more advantageous side. They cultivate the natural grandeur of the soul, raise in her a generous ambition, feed her with hopes of immortality and perfection, and do all they can to widen the partition between the virtuous and the vicious, by making the difference betwixt them as great as between gods and brutes.

◆

A Great Evil.—Of all the evils under the sun, that of making vice commendable is the greatest; for it seems to be the basis of society, that applause and contempt should be always given to proper objects.

THE LOSS OF A WIFE.

There is no earthly affliction which, in the estimation of a devoted husband, can equal the loss of a beloved wife. It is impossible to consider, except with much commiseration, the melancholy state of one who has had such a part of himself torn from him, and which he misses in every circumstance of life. His condition is like that of one who has lately lost his right arm, and is every moment offering to help himself with it. He does not appear to himself the same person in his house, at his table, in company, or in retirement; and loses the relish of all the pleasures and diversions that were before entertaining to him by her participation of them. The most agreeable objects recall the sorrow for her with whom he used to enjoy them. This additional satisfaction, from the taste of pleasures in the society of one we love, is admirably described by Milton, who represents Eve, though in Paradise itself, no further pleased with the beautiful objects around her, than as she sees them in company with Adam, in that passage so inexpressibly charming:

"With thee conversing, I forget all time;
All seasons, and their change; all please alike.
Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Glistening with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
After soft showers; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild; the silent night,
With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
And these the gems of heaven, her starry train.
But neither breath of morn when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds; nor rising sun
On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,
Glistering with dew; nor fragrance after showers,
Nor grateful evening mild; nor silent night,
With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon,
Or glittering star-light, without thee is sweet."

◆

THE BEAUTIFUL.

The love of the beautiful is universal, or if not universal, the exception is so slight as to weigh nothing in the balance. The eye, as by a divine instinct, turns from ugliness and deformity. It must gaze on forms of beauty, or its vision is repulsed and withered. So, too, the ear delights only in sounds that breathe of the fairest proportion; sounds full, round, flowing, and harmonious. But while the beautiful and the love of it are universal, its interpretations are as various as the fancies of man. One recognizes it in gay and flashing forms, in sparkling and fiery colors; another beholds it in grave and subdued colors, and calm and quiet forms. One delights in the beauty of ocean, another joys in the beauty of the skies, another has rapture in the beauty of earth, and still another, looking within his own being, beholds there the most beautiful of visions. The beautiful is in accord with the intellect and the affections. That is most beautiful which is most loved and desired. It may be flowers, it may be song, it may be solitude or excitement, it may be even gold or fame, and it may be—how possible—the dear face and loving heart of woman. In variety, splendor and perfection, there is abundance of it for all. It is in every path, charming and alluring; leading some upward, into diviner regions of the spirit, and some downward, into the deeper pits of sense. Yet who can doubt that God has ordained it all to a wise end—to the final unity and blessedness of the great brotherhood of man.

◆

THE CHRISTIAN AND THE ATHEIST.

A wise man that lives up to the principles of reason and virtue, if one considers him in his solitude, as in taking in the system of the universe, observing the mutual dependence and harmony, by which the whole frame of it hangs together, beating down his passions, or swelling his thoughts with magnificent ideas of Providence, makes a nobler figure in the eyes of an intelligent being, than the greatest conqueror amidst all the pomps and solemnities of a triumph. On the contrary, there is not a more ridiculous animal than an atheist in his retirement. His mind is incapable of rapture or elevation. He can only consider himself as an insignificant figure in a landscape, and wandering up and down in a field or a meadow, under the same terms as the meanest animal about him, and as subject to as total a mortality as they; with this aggravation, that he is the only one amongst them, who lies under the apprehension of it.

In distresses, he must be of all creatures the most helpless and forlorn; he feels the whole pressure of a present calamity, without being relieved by the memory of anything that is past, or the prospect of anything that is to come. Annihilation is the greatest blessing that he proposes to himself, and a halter or a pistol the only refuge he can fly to. But if you would behold one of these gloomy miscreants in his poorest figure, you must consider him under the terrors, or at the approach of death

◆

GOOD AND BAD WOMEN.

The ordinary class of the good or the ill have very little influence upon the actions of others; but the eminent, in either kind, are those who lead the world below. The ill are employed in communicating scandal, infamy, and disease like furies; the good distribute benevolence, friendship, and health, like angels. The ill are damped with pain and anguish at the sight of all that is laudable, lovely, or happy. The virtuous are touched with commiseration towards the guilty, the disagreeable, and the wretched. There are those who betray the innocent of their own sex, and solicit the lewd of ours. There are those who have abandoned the very memory, not only of innocence, but shame. There are those who never forgave, nor could ever bear being forgiven. There are those also who visit the beds of the sick, lull the cares of the sorrowful, and double the joys of the joyful. Such is the *destroying fiend*, such the *guardian angel*, woman.

◆

Summer in Lapland.—June 22, snow melts; July 1, snow gone; 16th, fields quite green; 20th, plants at full growth; 25th, in full flower; Aug. 2, fruit ripe; 10th, shed their seeds; 19th, snow. The remaining nine months can be imagined by those only who have witnessed a Northern winter, where the sun does not appear above the horizon for weeks.

◆

Time only a Relative State.—Time is only an imaginary quality. To two persons differently situated, time has either the wings of an eagle or the feet of a snail. To a man in expectancy a day appears a week, and a month a year. To one in possession, the sun seems no sooner risen than it has set; and summer has scarcely arrived, before autumn seems ready to appear.

◆

Character should Determine Rank.—The appellation of gentleman is never to be affixed to a man's circumstances, but to his behavior in them.

◆

There is in every human countenance either a history or a prophecy, which must sadden or at least soften every reflecting observer.

THE WEDDED PAIR.

BY OLIVER SINCLAIR.

That festal night—that festal night—when first I saw you trace
With fairy foot the merry dance, so full of radiant grace—
In beauty's pride you shone so bright, so far above the rest,
Methought a lovelier being ne'er had mortal vision blest;
I gazed until my heart grew sick, I cannot tell you why,
Perhaps it was to think that one so pure should ever die;
But now you're mine, but now you're mine, and still as fair and bright
As when you ravished first my eyes upon that happy night.

I'll ne'er forget, I'll ne'er forget that day you deign'd to hear
The ardent tale of love and hope I whisper'd in your ear,
With downcast eyes, and glowing cheek, my vows of truth you heard,
Then sigh'd, in maiden bashfulness, the dear, enchanting word—
'Twas then I felt the power of love—a love as deep and rare
As if you'd bared my very heart, and stamp'd your image there.
And here you sit, and here you sit—a wife and mother now,
As fondly loved as when you first did listen to my vow.

I cannot tell, I cannot tell, what other days may bring,
But, oh! the past has been to me one bright, unclouded spring;
I know the happiest lots on earth some painful changes find,
And that the cares which chequer life will fret the purest mind;
I know, however beautiful and graceful thou art now,
That age will blanch that rosy cheek, and mar that polish'd brow;
But, then, thy heart—thy faithful heart, is ever young and fair,
For Time, that stamps his seal on all, will leave no impress there.

Whate'er betide, whate'er betide, oh! be as now thou art,—
A crown of pride and joy to me, the solace of my heart;
Then, whether fortune smile or frown upon our humble cot,
I'll look on thee, and deem me blest beyond the common lot;
And, oh! when earth and all its joys are fading from my view,
And none beside my dying couch to close my eyes but you;
Then will the hope—the blessed hope, remain to cheer my heart,
That we shall meet in perfect love, and never, never part.

LOVE AND DUTY;

OR,

MARION HAMILTON'S SACRIFICE.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

> Not enjoyment and not sorrow,
> Is our destined end or way,
> But to live, that each to-morrow
> Find us further than to-day. LONGFELLOW.

"No, James, this cannot be. This discussion but adds to the torture I must endure. Do not urge me further."

James Lincoln turned away impetuously, and strode towards the door. His hand was on the latch, and in a moment more he would have been gone, when a softer feeling flooded his heart at the sight of the drooping figure of the girl who had just spoken. In her despair she had sunk down, collapsed and nerveless, upon the sofa beside which she had been standing. She was not weeping, and her hands were clasped upon her brow, above the stony eyes.

"Marion," he said, coming slowly back to her side, "I will not take the wild words you have spoken this night, as final. Think of the matter calmly—calmly as you can," he added, in answer to an impatient gesture, "until morning. To-morrow, as you know, I must leave you for this journey of a month. Let me know before I go, that when I return you will be ready, as we planned long ago, to accompany me to my new home in the far West."

"Ah, James, have I not told you that my duty stations me here, at least during my mother's life? I cannot, will not leave her."

"But, dearest Marion, has life no other duty except the care of your mother? Do you owe nothing to me whose promised wife you have been for more than five years? Have I toiled and waited in vain, or only to meet this terrible disappointment as I place my foot upon the threshold of my long-delayed happiness?"

"Say 'our' happiness, James, and believe me when I tell you that it is not you only who suffer. But do not ask me to leave my mother."

"I do not, dearest, if she will go with us, and if not, have I not promised that her comforts shall be secured here. Think, have I no claim upon your duty?"

"Yes, James, a claim second only to hers. I have promised to be your wife, but I promised long before never to leave my mother. That promise made to a dying father, and sealed by the last kiss of his cold lips, I dare not break. But I love my feeble, helpless mother. I should be miserable without my daily care. I would have persuaded her, as you well know, to go with us, but she fears the journey and the discomforts of a home in an unsettled region, and—it is enough James, that I cannot go with you."

"It is enough, Marion, if you will let the whim of a selfish invalid, whose ailments are half imaginary, separate us," the young man replied, bitterly. "And she may live for years, the doctor told me but yesterday, to destroy my peace, and the happiness of the child she whimsically professes to love—faugh!"

"James, hush, I beseech you. Remember she is my mother. Your words would be unpardonable, did I not know how much you suffer. It is true, that my mother may continue a feeble sufferer for years; my own life may be shorter than hers. But my duty lies plain before me, and I must not neglect it."

"And my probation is to be measured by your own; and I, who have no sublime notions of duty and self-sacrifice, must be the victim of yours. Marion, I must still say you are unjust."

"I know that you will suffer at first, James, but you must forget me as soon as possible. It would be selfish to ask you to think of me often, and to make yourself unhappy on my account. I shall hope that one day not very far distant, some noble, loving girl will take the place I once thought would be mine, and make you happier than poor Marion ever could have done."

"And so you cast me off forever! It is not only for a few month's or year's devotion to your mother, but for our lives. False, deceitful girl, you never loved me, or you would not so coolly talk of hoping that another might hereafter fill your place to me. Not a word! No, I will not listen. Go and whine of duty, and marry another if you will, when you have rid yourself of me. I will trouble you no more."

"But, James——"

"Silence, I say. Your decision is indeed final, and I was a dupe and a fool, not sooner to have understood it. Farewell."

His hand was again on the latch, when a smothered cry reached his ear. Marion had risen and tottered toward him. He could not resist the outstretched arms and the pleading gaze. He took her in his arms and bore her back to the sofa. He kissed her brow and lip, and chafed her cold hands while she wept silently, clinging to him as the drowning one clings to the frail spar that alone interposes between him and death.

After a while she rose up, pale and calm. He thought she had relented, and began to speak of some of the old plans which in happier days they had often talked about, but she laid her hand in his and said:

"No more, James, no more. Indeed, I cannot bear it. Let us say farewell now, and go each our way. God will not let us be utterly desolate if we act rightly, and trust in Him. It is hard, oh, it is hard, but farewell, James."

She bent forward and pressed her lips for an instant upon his brow, and before he could speak, had glided from the room.

Awed by her strange calmness, James Lincoln did not endeavor to detain her, though he felt that hope and joy were fading out of his life, as she went from him. He heard her light tread upon the stairs, and then in the room above the one in which he sat. He heard the invalid's querulous tones, and a gentle reply in Marion's voice. With a deep, tender pity for the young creature who was thus devoting her best years, and sacrificing her best hopes, with the reverence that worldly natures are sometimes compelled to feel for virtues that have for them the sanctity of mysteries, he went his way, feeling that no one but Marion Hamilton should ever be his wife, even if he waited for her till the bright head that had that night rested upon his bosom, was covered with the snows of age.

But the cold light of the next morning dispelled all such unworldly illusions. He set off upon his journey, feeling himself a very ill-used man, determined never to return to L., and to show Marion Hamilton that she had not the power of making him miserable, by winning another bride as soon as possible.

Marion, meanwhile, was performing her monotonous round of duties, for which her pale face, and the languor of a frame exhausted by long contending emotions, and suffering from the reaction of the strong nervous excitement of the fearful struggle which she had undergone, did by no means excuse her. Marion loved her mother, and clung to her as all that remained of a once happy home-circle, but she could not hide from herself the growing selfishness of the confined invalid, nor repress the bitterness with which she witnessed the cool complacency with which the announcement of a decision that had cost her so much, was received. It was surely not too much to expect that the mother, for whose comfort she had sacrificed love and hopes, that had strengthened through years of waiting, should at least have spoken words of comfort, if she uttered no thanks.

But the strength which had borne Marion thus far through the conflict did not now desert her; and, after the first days of desolation were past, no one would have noted any change in her, except a graver expression of the serene, earnest eyes, and the avidity with which she sought constant and absorbing employment.

Within a year Marion Hamilton saw the notice of James Lincoln's marriage, in a newspaper sent her by one of those *friends* who haste to be the bearers of unpleasant tidings. She listened and replied to all the comments of her mother upon the event, and the remarks and condolements of her friends. She might have been a shade paler, there might have been a slight added gravity of mien, but nobody noticed it, though curious eyes were upon her. But it was well for her that she could sometimes escape to the solitude of her own chamber, where only the eye of the all-seeing witnessed the outburst of her repressed sufferings.

She was less restless after this, for now that she had lost the vague hope of his return, and of a future reunion, the outward calm of her manner was a truer reflection of her soul.

Marion's life was very monotonous. Much of it was passed in the chamber of the invalid, the remainder in the superintendence of their household and in a systematic round of charities. Very little time was given to society and the amusements and occupations that usually fill up the hours of a young lady. Sometimes this life seemed very dreary and objectless, but the time was coming when its calm and peaceful routine was to be looked back upon with regret.

The great mercantile firm, with whom the property of Mrs. Hamilton and her daughter was invested, suddenly failed. Their splendid fortune was a wreck, and with it was ingulphed the moderate competence of the widow and orphan.

Almost without warning the dark cloud of poverty gathered about them. The firm entrusted with their money had persuaded Mrs. Hamilton into speculations that involved all her other possessions. The house in which Marion had been born and lived all her life, her father's splendid library, the rare old plate and some valuable jewels, heir-looms from Scottish ancestors, all went to satisfy claims that would not wait.

Mrs. Hamilton became as feeble in mind as she had long been in body, under this new and great trial, and upon Marion everything devolved. She it was who faced angry creditors—she it was who secured lodgings and saw her mother comfortably established, and then went back to gather up the fragments of their once plentiful possessions, to witness the dismantling of the old rooms—every one sacred to some memory of joy or sorrow, to see the books her father had loved, the pictures which he had been wont to call his friends, the very ebony chair and desk he had been accustomed to use, passing under the hammer of the auctioneer and into the possession of people to whom they were only second-hand furniture, "bought cheap at the Hamilton sale."

When all was over, Marion sat down amidst the wreck to consider the future that lay before her. One thing was certain: they had no longer any resource; their income was swallowed up, while their necessities were not diminished. The invalid must not pine for the luxuries to which she had been accustomed; she must have choice food, and soft clothes, and medical attendance.

Marion saw that upon her devolved a new and untried duty, to provide for the wants of herself and the helpless one whose sole support she must henceforth become.

The Hamiltons were not without friends, and by their aid Marion established herself in a school for young ladies. This employment made it necessary that she should leave her mother alone certain portions of the day, and Mrs. Hamilton could not be made to comprehend her absence. Her complaints and reproaches embittered all the hours that the devoted daughter would have given to her comfort, and finally made it necessary that a nurse should be hired to remain with her constantly. To defray this added expense Marion taught music at extra hours, so completely filling her time that for many days she was only at home during her hurried meals.

Three years of this life was sufficient to change Marion Hamilton from a healthy, vigorous girl to a faded and prematurely old woman. Her mother had become the utterly helpless victim of paralysis; her case demanded the attendance of celebrated physicians, and care that could only be secured at great expense. Marion saw no period for rest or relaxation of effort, and only shook her head at the well-meant remonstrances of her friends.

"If my strength but holds out till my mother ceases to need my care, all will be well. She must not suffer, and for me it matters not. I long ago devoted my life to her, and have no thought of shrinking now when she most requires the sacrifice."

Within a week the great yearly examination was to be held, and Marion was busy in her school-room with a class of advanced pupils, who had become endeared to her by long attendance and their warm sympathy with her trials. They were discussing the arrangements for the examination, and laying plans for the long vacation which was to follow, when a messenger came to summon Marion to her mother's side, with the tidings of a sudden seizure that it was feared would end only in death. Marion, with a few calm directions to her assistant, glided out of the circle of bright faces, now overshadowed by an undefinable terror, and soon stood by the bed-side of her unconscious parent.

Hour after hour passed, and only a loud breathing betokened life in the rigid form. There was no consciousness—it mattered not whether the devoted child, or the hireling nurse bent over her pillow, and so, after the physicians had decided that she might yet live many days in that state, so like death that only one function of the physical frame remained, Marion returned to the duties that called her imperatively elsewhere. Every half-hour the little son of her hostess bore her tidings of the dying woman; and so day after day she went forth from the side of that fearful presence, where, as in the shadow of the tomb, she spent her nights in a vigil of love and agony, to the duties of her profession.

The day of examination came and passed, and Marion was in her place, with only the almost mortal pallor of her face, the constant attitude of listening she unconsciously assumed, and the evident and tense constraint that enabled her to preserve the semblance of calmness, to denote what she was suffering.

When all was over she went home, like one in a maze, and laying aside the dress which she had half-consciously assumed for the occasion, sat down in her loose wrapper by the bed-side of the dying woman.

She never left her post again. There, in the presence of the unconscious form, she received the adieus of her pupils, and listened without reply to their references to the coming term—and, one by one, they stole away, awed by the sight of suffering so terrible.

A few days and her weary watch was ended. So gently, that the watchers by that bedside scarce noted the change, the spirit departed, and the object of Marion's sacrifices, and cares, and labors was but a lump of lifeless clay for which but the shroud, and the coffin, and the grave, were needed more.

With that strange, unnatural calmness that had borne her through all, Marion moved about directing every necessary detail of her mother's humble but respectable funeral. All was ready at last, and in her black weeds, Marion went to lay her mother in the grave alone—the only mourner, and doubly desolate because her blood run in the veins of no individual on this side of the great ocean that had divided her parents from their native Scotland.

But the strength that had sustained her through all these toils, and trials, and fearful scenes, till they were consummated at her mother's grave, failed here. She fainted, and, in a long swoon, from which it was feared she would never revive, the kind friends who gathered round bore her back to her lodgings. A long illness, reaching over months, followed. The fearful tension of her powers, so long sustained, had given way and there was not strength for reaction.

Marion rose from this bed of sickness at last. But she never recovered strength to return to her occupation of teaching. Sickness had exhausted all the earnings of her years of toil, and, but for the aid of friends whom Providence raised up for her in the day of extremity, she might, after all her sacrifices and struggles, have ended her days the recipient of public charity.

She passes her life at the house of these friends—friends who love and honor her, and make her path as smooth as affection can render it. But she revolts at the sense of dependence, and would often overtask her feeble strength in teaching the little ones that abound in these hospitable homes, or in some other more laborious employment, were she not watchfully prevented.

James Lincoln and his wife are both dead. There was little love in their union, and it was most unhappy. Just before his death, James wrote to Marion and told her all, confessing that the marriage he had contracted to spite her, whom he only loved, had been miserable, and thus when misfortune fell upon her, and he would gladly have come to her aid, he had placed a barrier between them, and was powerless to avert from her the struggles and trials that followed. Losses and more than one reverse had made him a poor man, and now he was dying forsaken and alone; and he implored one line conveying her forgiveness, that thus his path to the tomb might be smoothed. Soon, after he died, assured of the pardon he craved, and blessing Marion with his latest breath.

Marion lives still, a serene and tranquil life. She suffers much from the mysterious, mortal, yet lingering disease engendered by her toils and privations long ago, yet is always cheerful. She is missed when she leaves a home, and warmly welcomed when she returns, and her friends say she is fulfilling well her mission in the brightness which her cheerful, sunny temper, chastened and subdued as it has been by suffering, throws over every circle she enters.

She claims no merit for her sacrifices, or her labors, but says that in every true woman's heart there lies the spring of just such actions if she would but listen to the voice of duty, and with wisdom and firmness fulfil its dictates: That life is not given us solely for our own enjoyment, but that we shall never fail to find our reward whenever we conquer inclination at the command of duty, and sacrifice our selfish feelings to the welfare of others.

BATTLES OF LIFE.

Paying your tailor's bill.
Listening to the MS. of a literary friend.
Reading the plot of a new piece in the newspapers.
Attending an evening party four miles from home, where they don't give supper.
Kissing a baby, in obedience to hints from its mother.
Knowing a man with a grievance.

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PAYING THE DEBT OF NATURE.—No; it is not paying a debt, it is rather like bringing a note to a bank to obtain solid gold for it. In this case you bring this cumbersome body, which is nothing worth, and which you could not wish to retain long; you lay it down, and receive for it, from the eternal treasure, liberty, victory, knowledge, rapture.

MORAL COSMETICS.

BY E. F. INGERSOLL.

Ye who would save your features florid,
Lithe limbs, bright eyes, unwrinkled forehead,
From age's devastation horrid,
Adopt this plan—
'Twill make, in climates cold or torrid,
A hale old man.

Avoid, in youth, luxurious diet;
Restrain the passions' lawless riot,
Devoted to domestic quiet,
Be wisely gay;
So shall ye, spite of age's fiat,
Resist decay.

Seek not in Mammon's worship pleasure,
But find your richest, dearest treasure
In books, friends, music, polish'd leisure:
The mind, not sense,
Makes the sole scale by which ye measure
Your opulence.

This is the solace—this the science—
Life's purest, sweetest, best appliance,
That disappoints not man's reliance,
Whate'er his state;
But challenges, with calm defiance,
Time, fortune, fate.

OUR CHILDREN.

BY AN OLD MAID.

> "I would I were a child again."—OLD SONG.

Ah, but there has been a sad falling-off since the days when I was young—the days of genuine romps, and hearty laughter! We have no children now!

I have been sitting by my open window half-an-hour, looking out into the court below, at several young gentlemen and ladies—(it will not do to call them anything else now)—aged about five and seven. I suppose they call what they are doing playing! "Heaven save the mark!"

The boys are getting up a feeble imitation of a game at ball—but the girls are far too genteel for that. They look on with grave, matronly eyes, arrange their curls and miniature hoops, and discuss the dress of the grown-up ladies in the house. They are at our re-unions on Friday evenings, and swim around the room in a languishing waltz, with a partner whose boot-straps reach to the tops of their silly little heads, and at a time when they should be soundly sleeping the sleep of the just. They are marvellously polite at table, and in the evening go to some place of amusement, in spotless white kids, and tease to be taken out shopping, and stuff themselves with candy and jellies, till they are of a dead-white color, and as languid and heavy as if they had eaten hot suet pudding, in preposterous quantities, a dozen times a day.

I thank Heaven that I was a child! A healthy, happy, hearty child, with eyes bright with fun and good-humor, and cheeks as round and red as apples. I never stepped out of short frocks into silk dresses at two dollars the yard. I never wore a kid glove in my life, (till I was sixteen,) except on Sundays—and embroidered skirts and fashionable bonnets were a perfect mystery to me. I was noisy, and rude, and mischievous—with a perfect mania for making dirt pies, and a passion for tearing my frocks in the most unheard-of ways. But I was just what my Creator intended me to be—a child—and not a weazened-faced likeness of a diseased monkey.

What is to be done with Young America? Boys of ten eschew street games, and puff cigars, and drink champagne. Girls of the same mature age have never seen a doll, and look wonderingly at a hoop or skipping-rope, as if it was a monster—while they recline luxuriously in the family carriage, and ride, at a snail's pace, towards Stewart's. At evening parties the two unhappy sexes meet. Then come dancing, flirting, late suppers, and sleepless nights. This, too, when nature demands every assistance in her work of building up the body! Is it any wonder that we are growing to be such a sickly, puny, sallow race? Is it any wonder that our young men are small, and short, and so alarmingly slender in the "underpinning" as to seem in danger of breaking in two? Or that our young women are obliged to conceal by rouge and pearl powder, a dead-white and unhealthy complexion, and to call in hoops and cotton batting to conceal the imperfections of their forms, and give them an air and a grace upon the public promenade?

Alas—that the good old days have gone, which we of the present time can well remember! Alas that the pleasant games of "hide and seek," "I spy," and "catch," can never be known to these poor dwarfish specimens of the human race! For so wedded are they to their present absurdities, that if they were at this moment let loose in the country, I fancy they would be as much at a loss as Alexander Selkirk upon the island of Juan Fernandez!

They play! The thing seems preposterous. How could those faces, prematurely old, light up with child-like smiles? How could those delicate, bejewelled hands play in the dirt, or throw a ball?

No, no! You and I, dear reader, were we suddenly set free from the toils and cares of business, might possibly forget our age and experience, and join once more in those old-fashioned sports, as eagerly and heartily as when we were young. But "Young America" would look on at the jocund pranks of its elders with an ill-concealed sneer, and think us all grown suddenly demented.

"Ephraim is joined to his idols; let him alone!" How well these words apply here; and all we can do is to make the best of our own time and generation, and be sorrowful for those who are to come after—the puny and feeble offspring of these families of ours, misnamed—children!

A WITTY GREAT MAN.

Lord Sidmouth, in his published correspondence, states that Mr. Pitt liked a glass of port wine very well, and a bottle still better; but that he had never known him take too much, if he had anything to do, except upon one occasion, when he was called up in the House of Commons to answer a personal attack made upon him by the father of the late Lord Durham. He had left the house with Mr. Dundas in the hour between two election ballots, for the purpose of dining; and when, on his return, he replied to Mr. Lambton, it was evident he had taken too much wine. The next morning, Mr. Ley, the Clerk Assistant of the House of Commons, told the Speaker that he had felt ill ever since Mr. Pitt's exhibition on the previous evening. "It gave me," he added, "a violent head-ache." On this being repeated to Mr. Pitt, he said he thought it was an excellent arrangement, that *he* should have the wine and the clerk the head-ache.

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CHEERFULNESS.—A cheerful temper, joined with innocence, will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful, and wit good-nature. It will lighten sickness, poverty, and affliction; convert ignorance into an amiable simplicity; and render deformity itself agreeable.

HOW IT IS GOING ON.

The mission of the press or the visible word began with the art of writing. But it was a long time in a state of infancy and pupilage. Men, however, at a very early period were tempted to commit themselves by writing a book. "Oh that one would hear me," says Job; "behold my desire is that mine adversary had written a book;" a sure means of obtaining revenge of a man is to cut up his book. But such books as Job read had no doubt a very limited circulation—so much labor was required for the production of each copy, only rich men could afford to have a book at all. Even in the middle ages a library of a hundred volumes was accounted very large, and only to be found in the palace of some wealthy prelate or ecclesiastic. The proper mission, that is the public mission of the word visible, began with the art of printing in the fifteenth century. The first effect which this discovery produced, was the revival of literature and the fine arts—after that the revival of doctrinal theology—after that the revival of science; and then the revival of political liberty, giving breadth and extension to every branch of knowledge which it brought into new and increased activity. The press itself, however, had a progress to make, as well as the subjects of thought that it cultivated. It was a very clumsy machine and a very slow coach when it first started, and the improvements which it received, from time to time, were very insignificant and characteristic of the sluggishness and conservativeness of the times; "like angels' visits, few and far between." Even down to the very end of the French Republican and Imperial war it was a sort of baby power in its periodical capacity. Its bound books were very good, for they were in harmony with the bound and illiberal principles of the age; but its free flying sheets were not only few and insignificant, but there was not a machine as yet in existence to give them a multiplicity adequate to the number and the wants of a nation, or a means of distributing them through the towns and villages, the nooks and corners of civilization. The new machinery began with the steam press after the peace. After the people of Europe had spent millions of lives and hundreds of millions of wealth for the means of enlightenment, they found the means when they had done fighting—in a steam engine! Since that period rapid progress has been made, and the intellectual power of the press, or the universal teacher, is daily increasing.

WITTY IF NOT TRUE.

An old author, who wrote when our great-great-grandfathers were boys, says "Womankind are carried away with everything that is showy, and with what delights the eye, more than any other species of living creatures whatsoever." He then illustrates his theory by the following laughable anecdote:

Mrs. Margery Bickerstaff, my great aunt, (says our old author,) had a thousand pounds to her portion, which our family was desirous of keeping among themselves, and therefore used all possible means to turn off her thoughts from marriage. The method they took was, in any time of danger, to throw a new gown or petticoat in her way. When she was about twenty-five years of age, she fell in love with a man of an agreeable temper and equal fortune, and would certainly have married him, had not my grandfather, Sir Jacob, dressed her up in a suit of flowered satin; upon which she set so immoderate a value upon herself, that the lover was contemned and discarded. In the fortieth year of her age, she was again smitten; but very luckily transferred her passion to a *tippet* which was presented to her by another relation who was in the plot. This, with a *white sarsenet hood*, kept her safe in the family until fifty. About sixty, which generally produces a kind of latter spring in amorous constitutions, my Aunt Margery had again a colt's tooth in her head; and would certainly have eloped from the mansion-house, had not her brother Simon, who was a wise man and a scholar, advised to dress her in *cherry-colored ribbonds*, which was the only expedient that could have been found out by the wit of man to preserve the thousand pounds in our family, part of which I enjoy at this time.

WHAT IS LOVE?

Wouldst thou know what love resembles?
What its cause, its object, end?
Go seek the breast in which it trembles—
Listening hours attentive spend.
Hours—ay, days and circling years—
Are too short its power to show.
He that listens vainly hears;
LOVING ONLY shall he know.

Heights it hath; and comprehension
Never can its knowledge reach.
Depths it hath; and apprehension
Deeper sorrows cannot teach.
Varying, changing, soaring, flying;
Slumb'ring, sleeping, disappearing;
Never, never, never dying;
When forgotten, re-appearing.

COMPARATIVE ABSURDITY OF THE SEXES.

A woman may be ugly, ill-made, unamiable, ignorant, or stupid, but she is scarcely ever ridiculous. A thoroughly absurd woman is one of the rarest things on earth; save, indeed, a man who is not so in a slight degree, in some way or another. Look round the world; you will discover very few women whose perceptions, conversation, dress, deportment, or manners, provoke actual laughter, if we except certain private singers; and this species of absurdity is more calculated to excite pity than irony; it is, moreover, very transient, for it only lasts the space of two or three verses of a ballad or bravura; and then, to the bad vocalist, frequently succeeds the elegant dancer, the graceful coquette, or the intellectual companion. Look at the theatre; how few really comic actresses you find there! And the greater number even of those are considered as such, not because their talent is actually comic, but because the parts which they undertake are filled with burlesque situations, and above all played in an exaggerated bonnet and an unheard-of dress, or with an eccentricity of accentuation, or the attendance of a pug dog, a black dwarf, or one of those white slaves known as a snubbed husband. Extravagance is not necessarily absurdity; nor is a caricature always comedy. The most laughter-moving actresses who exist are those who enact simplicity. But, far from appearing absurd, one of these is, on the contrary, only rendered the more charming in proportion as she exaggerates her innocence and her awkwardness. This absence of absurdity among women arises from the fact that they may be destitute of beauty, of elegance, of distinction, of manner, of talent, of education, and of wit, without being entirely devoid of grace, attraction, tact, and a wish to please. When a woman has even renounced this hope, a last coquetry remains to her, that of a desire not to be displeasing.

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SUBLIMITY OF SILENCE.—Silence is sometimes more significant and sublime, than the most noble and most expressive eloquence, and is on many occasions the indication of a great mind.

FLOWERS.

BY G. D. STUART.

There is a legend, old as earth,
But beautiful and true,
Which tells us how the flowers had birth,
And wherefore came the dew.

When Eve—through Satan's sore deceit—
Touched the forbidden tree,
And tempted her "good man" to eat,
The Lord came angrily,

And straightway turned from Eden's bowers
These first-born sinners forth,
Away from all its smiling flowers,
Upon the barren earth.

But pitying, ere to Heaven he passed,
His angels—brothers then—
O'er all the earth their footprints cast,
And hill, and vale, and glen

Sparkled with flowers—earth's starry spheres—
And on they fled from view,
They strewed the flowers with pitying tears.
Which since have passed for dew.

And thus, though Paradise was lost
By first of human kind,
Their children know, though sorely crossed,
God's love is left behind.

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FOREST SKETCHES---NO. 15.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

BY COL. WALTER P. DUNLAP.

AN ARCTIC ADVENTURE.

Uncle Ben Gilroy said he would tell us a story, if we would let him take us into the Arctic regions.

"Don't care whar yer take us," said Fitzeben, "ef ye'll only tell us de tru'f."

"Don't I always tell the truth, you black imp?" cried Ben.

"Allers? O—my eyes, Uncle Ben, you don't mean for to say dat yer don't lie sometimes,—'cause yer does. Dat yarn ye was tellin' me t'other day 'bout ketchin' um trout! Ah—yah! I knows—ye can't catch a trout nohow; ye's too clumsy—dat's a fac'."

The darky escaped a shin bone which Ben shied at his head, and the latter then commenced:—

"I've had some hard scratches in my day; but I think about the hardest was one I had on a cake of ice. Some years ago I took it into my head to take a trip to the Arctic sea. I owned a pretty good share in a whaling ship that sailed from New Bedford; and afterward I owned the whole of her. Her name was the '*Laura B. Smith.*' She was as handsome a craft as ever spread canvas to the breeze; and I tell ye, she could sail some, too. I fell in love with her the first time I saw her, and wouldn't rest easy till I had made a trip in her. I had nothing particular to do that season, so I claimed a berth in the cabin on the strength of my ownership; and, as I afterwards became assured, the captain, whose name was Brigham, was really glad to have me for a companion.

"Our destination was the extensive whaling district east of Greenland, and about Spitzbergen. We reached the place in safety, and had very good fortune in finding and capturing whales. I enjoyed it very much; for I kept below when I pleased, and went on deck when I pleased; and sometimes I would help cut up and hoist in the blubber.

"The northern group of Spitzbergen is composed of seven small islands, called the Seven Sisters. We found not only whales in that vicinity, but also plenty of white bears. Our ship was lying close in between two of these islands, where she had been driven by the ice, and we passed our time mostly in hunting seals and bears.

"One day two of us—a man named Jackson, and myself—went out on the ice to take a stroll, and see if we could find anything worth killing. Some two miles distant there were a lot of ice-hills, where large bergs had floated together and become frozen up, and we concluded to make our way thither and see if they were inhabited. We reached them after a hard, slippery walk of an hour, and were rewarded with one seal the first thing.

"We were taking the skin from this fellow, when I happened to straighten up to rest my back, and saw a cub not far distant, upon a point of ice that made out into open water. It was the cub of a white bear, and a very good sized one. I had wanted just such a skin for a long while, and now was the time to get it. I told Jackson if he would finish taking the skin from the seal I would run and get the cub.

"But Jack tried to dissuade me from going. He said the old bear couldn't be far off. If I'd wait a few moments he'd go with me. But I didn't mean to wait for any such thing. I looked all around, and couldn't see the old one any where, and I determined to start. In my hurry I didn't think of my rifle. I simply took my long knife, feeling sure that that would be all-sufficient for any such operation, and started off.

"When I came up to the place I found the cub upon a triangular piece of ice which made out from the rest, and over the outer point of it the water was dashing. My opinion was, that the dam must have been killed, else that young one wouldn't have been there, in such a place, all alone. I just took a good look at the ice, to see that it was safe, and then crept forward. The cub seemed to be asleep. I got close to him, and kneeled down. I calculated where to strike—and then let him have it. As the knife entered his heart—for it touched him there—he gave a spring, and I caught him and held him down. I was afraid, if I let him struggle alone, he might make off into the water. He was a stout one for such a little 'un, but I held him till he give up the ghost; though he did jerk me about a little.

"His fur was as soft and fine as Merino, and I was just considering about how was the best way to carry him, when I felt the ice tremble, and at the same moment the sound of Jackson's voice, in warning accents, broke upon my ear. I turned, and an utterance of terror burst from my lips as I beheld a monster bear not ten yards from me!

"My first impulse was to leap upon one side, for my terror did not take away my reason. I supposed the bear would make for her cub the first thing, and as she did so I would leap by her and flee. And I saw now what I might have seen before, had I been wise: Not a hundred yards distant was a ridge of snow close by the edge of the ice, and there the bear must have been hidden watching for seals. She had probably held her first watch where I had found the cub, and while she was waiting for the appearance of food her young one had gone to sleep. When she changed her place she did not awaken her offspring, as she did not mean to move far away. Had I thought of the dam's being hidden any where, I might have thought of looking behind that snow; but I didn't think of any such thing.

"I told ye I felt a trembling of the ice—and it had trembled to some purpose. As I looked to see where I should run I saw that the piece upon which we stood had become separated from the main body! I ran, but I was too late! A swift current, setting down around the islands, had whirled the cake away, and when I reached the edge I found a watery gulf of over thirty feet between me and the parent ice. I dared not leap into the sea, for the bear would surely attack me there; and beside, I doubted if I could handle myself in the cumbersome clothing I had on.

"At this moment I heard a sharp, terrible cry from the bear, and on turning I found her standing over her young. For some moments I could realize nothing. My brain was in a whirl, and my heart seemed to have suspended all action, as though it could see that the probability was, that it would have very little more of work to do for me I never felt quite such a feeling before nor since.—There was the bear, one of the largest of her kind, trying to awaken her cub; and there was I, its murderer, cut off from all hope of escape, with no weapon, and with no help! The cake upon which we stood was almost an equilateral triangle in shape, the sides being not far from fifty feet in length. A narrow limit for such a crew!

"The first thing that called me to my senses was the sound of Jackson's voice. He had run as far as he could. I could see the look of horror in his face, and I knew that he was bidding me farewell in his heart. Yet he had his thoughts about him. He was our first mate, and an experienced whaleman, and Arctic navigator.

"'Don't be in a hurry to use your knife!' I sang out to him that it was by the cub, and I couldn't get it.

"'Then if the bear by'm-by turns her attention towards ye, keep your eye on her. Look her out of countenance if ye can! Mind ye—don't offer fight. If ye can work 'round to your knife do so; but don't take your eye off 'm the bear! Mind——' He said something more, but what it was I couldn't tell. My raft had floated out of hearing, and I was now left to my own resources of thought and action.

"I turned towards the bear, and she was still over her cub, now moaning bitterly. At first, and for some time, she had tried to arouse it; but finally she seemed to realize that something more than common was the matter, for she set up a howling that made my heart quake. But as yet she paid no attention to me, other than to watch me narrowly, and ever and anon raise her head and shake it. Whether this was with rage or with grief, I could not determine.

"The bear was near what had been the outer point of the triangle, while I was near the centre of the opposite side, and close by the edge; so I could keep an eye upon her, and watch other things, too. I was not being carried directly away from the main shore of ice, but in an oblique direction. This shore ran very near east and west, and I was going southwest by west. Jackson was still opposite to me, keeping pace with my floating prison. I could not distinguish any of his features; and when he halloed now, I could not even hear his voice. I was a mile from him, surely! Away in the distance I could see the ship, with her topmasts housed, and I wondered if I should ever see her again—if ever again I should rest within her warm embrace!

"'O—Laura! Laura!' I cried—for at that moment the faithful craft seemed almost an animate friend to me—'I'll never rest this poor frame beneath thy shelter again!' I felt kind of childish then. You may think what you please of it,—but I tell ye, I could have sat down at that moment upon the cold, spongy ice and cried like a child. I felt just like doing it. For the while all fear was gone, and I only felt as feels one who loses all he loves of earth. I saw the old ship growing dim in the distance, and it seemed as though all was going from me. If the bear hadn't been there to look at me and make me ashamed I believe I should have sat right down and wept.

"However, all such feelings were pretty soon banished, for the bear gave one long, low howl, and then, with a sharp growl, she came towards me. She came half way across, and there stopped. I kept my eye upon her, and she seemed undecided how to act. I laid my hopes of safety from her on one thought: If she had sense enough to know that her cub had been killed, and that I did it, I doubted if any amount of staring on my part would save me; but if she didn't know this, then I might be safe. *Safe?*

"'Safe from what?' I asked myself. Safe from a bear to be starved, or drowned, or frozen! I looked off in the direction in which I was being carried, and the blue expanse opened before me. The current here set on at the rate of four knots an hour, I should think, though the force of the wind, which was in the same direction, probably helped some.

"In a short time the bear went back and sat down by the side of her cub; and again commenced her moaning. I fairly pitied the poor thing, for upon my word I never before saw more real, deep, outspoken grief than that bear manifested over her murdered offspring. She would put her nose down and try to make the cub's head stay up; she tried to open the eyes with her tongue. Once she succeeded in working back one of the lids, and as she caught the gleam of the eye she leaped up and uttered a quick cry of joy. But the lid slowly closed again, and then the mother lay down once more by its side. She would lie flat upon her belly, put her nose under the cub's bosom; remain thus for a while; and then raise her head high up, and send forth an unearthly howl of anguish and terror.

"Finally she arose and moved towards me again. This time she came close up—near enough to smell of me. When she had snuffed up the air half-a-dozen times, with a sound like the snorting of an engine, she settled back on her haunches and looked me in the face. When she first approached me my heart flew to my throat, for as she kept on so near to me I made sure that she meant mischief. What could I do? To get my knife was impossible. It was directly by the side of the cub, and I knew if I moved towards it I should only give the signal for my death! With that instinct which always nerves a healthy man I clenched my fists, glared threateningly into the monster's face, and prepared for battle. But, as I said before, she only smelt of me, and then sat back.

"I dared not move my eyes from her now, for I was sure I could see mischief in her looks. There was a contraction of the muscles about the snout; a drawing up of the corners of the mouth; and a slight nervous twitching of the nether lip, which I could not mistake. And the laying of those round ears flat upon the head was a sign which has but one meaning with all animals. By and by the brute's head commenced a sort of waving motion from side to side, and at the same time her gaze would be for a moment turned in some other direction. She was trying to draw my attention from her eyes! There was no mistake. As soon as the thought struck me I watched her movements more carefully; and ere long I was just as confident of her intentions as I could have been had she spoken the plainest Anglo-Saxon.

"I began to get tired of this work. *I was freezing!* I felt a numbness pervading my whole system. I dared not move, for that would surely start the monster up. I might have moved backward had there been room; but that would have amounted to nothing, for brisk exercise was what I needed. My soul! this was the worst I had yet feared, for this came in a palpable, unmistakeable shape. The mercury of our thermometer I knew was several degrees below zero—twelve at least—and that was not a very comfortable point for a man who could not move!

"But a season of respite came. When the bear found that she could not avoid my eye, she raised her head, and turned it over her shoulder, and on the next moment she arose and went back to her dead cub. As soon as she was gone I commenced to dance and clap my hands. I looked to see if Jackson was still following, and I saw that he was. But—had my eyes become magnifiers? No. My companion had approached me—or, I had approached him! We were not over quarter-of-a-mile apart!

"I turned my eyes ahead, and in a moment all thoughts of freezing were gone! The blood started anew through my system, and my heart leaped now as though it felt that I might want it to work for me for a long while to come. Whether the current swept around in a circle, or whether a cape of ice made out into the sea, I did not stop then to consider. I only saw that right ahead, and not more than quarter of a mile distant, was an icy shore; and Jackson was making for the point where I would be likely to land. He had no rifle with him; but he had a heavy axe and a good harpoon.

"The bear was going through another pathetic scene over her cub. But I did not sympathise with her now—not a bit. She was more pitiful than before, if anything; but I only thought that if she would hold on and mourn until I got upon the main ice once more I'd give her battle. She came towards me again, but not so near as the last time. She only came half way across, and there sat and looked me in the face. Finally, she saw Jackson, and as she did so she seemed to turn her attention to him. She growled and bared her long white teeth at him; and in various other ways manifested her anger. It seemed to me that she must have known that he had deadly weapons with him, for she not only growled savagely at him, as I have said, but she suddenly started up, and moved towards her cub again; but not in a direct line, as she had done when moving away from me. She would now take a few steps, and then turn her head towards Jackson and growl, thereby plainly showing that she was afraid he meant some harm to her little one.

"I had time now to look around and see how all this had come about; and I was not long in discovering that two causes had operated in my favor. The current was a circular one, being a sort of branch of the great Arctic current which sweeps down the coast of Greenland; and as it was operated upon by the Gulf stream, and probably affected by the tide about the islands, it had the curving course. Besides this I saw that the ice also made out here in a regular cape. I was safe now. I had found that the bear was a coward while under my eye, and hence I had little fear of her. I knew well how she would have fought had it been necessary to protect her young, but I am sure she didn't really think I had done her any harm.

"Presently my raft began to quiver from the troubling of the water by the ice I was approaching. I stood upon the edge—I watched the narrowing channel—and as soon as I dared I made the leap.

"'Give me the harpoon!' I cried. 'Come, let's have her hide!'

"As I spoke I leaped back upon the broad cake, which had now come in contact with the main ice. Jackson followed me with his axe ready. The bear turned as she heard us, and her eyes now flashed fire, and her face looked fury. She stood by her dead cub, and there defied us. I sprang towards her—drew the harpoon back—aimed it at her heart—and just as she raised her paw, I plunged it home. The keen, sharp barb pierced the throat, and I knew it had reached the vitals. Yet Jack could not resist the temptation, so he brought the already stricken beast a blow upon the head that divided the skull. The monster gave one mighty struggle—then rolled over upon her side, and with one vain effort to reach her inanimate offspring, she expired!

"We managed to pull the ponderous carcass over on to the main ice, and just as we were wondering how we could haul it to the ship we saw a party of our men running towards us.

"I don't know as I was really in any great danger while I was on that raft of ice; but there's one thing I do know: I never want to make another trip just like it; nor do I ever want just such another chap for a travelling companion."

* * *

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Fannie.—It would be rather disrespectful to the clergyman whose church you are in the habit of attending, to invite a clergyman from another town to come and marry you in the church of your own pastor on the Sabbath day. You might, however, explain to your pastor your reasons for wishing to have the neighboring clergyman perform the ceremony, and ask his consent to the arrangement. *Then*, there would be no impropriety in the matter.

Lackawaxen.—The phrase "a Jeremy Diddler" means a man who makes a business of sponging his living out of anybody and everybody upon whom he can practice his impositions.

J. G. C., Chicago.—The Ledger has over a hundred and twenty thousand more circulation than any other paper published in America.

Virgil.—Make the most of your opportunities.

A Sufferer wishes to know if it is right to admit into street cars and omnibuses persons who are so disgustingly filthy and offensive as to render it impossible for decent people to remain in the vehicle with them! It would take too long to discuss the "right" of such a matter; but to come to the practical point, (which, we suppose, is what our correspondent wishes to have adjudicated,) we would ask "A Sufferer" who is to be the judge of a person's fitness or unfitness to ride in a public conveyance? What is to be the standard of personal cleanliness and inoffensiveness? Should such an "exclusive" course be once commenced, "A Sufferer" might be one of the first to suffer from it, in case some fastidious censor's delicate nostrils should miss the scent of *eau de cologne* or *bouquet de rose* in his exhalations. The presence of unpleasant neighbors in public conveyances is one of the public ills to which all must submit, and which could not be remedied except by incurring the danger of much greater and more disastrous nuisances. It is much better for us patiently and heroically to bear the ills we have, than fly to others that we know not of.

J. Adams, a subscriber, wishes to know, if a young man were on board a ship with his sweetheart and his mother, and the vessel should be wrecked, and he could save but *one* of the ladies, *which* of them he should rescue—his mother or his sweetheart? This is one of those foolish questions which many people who have some claim to common-sense and general intelligence *will* puzzle their brains over. A man in such a situation should have no choice, and no one with half a heart would think of such a question in such an awful moment; *he would do his best to save both of the helpless beings under his charge.* They would either all escape together, or all perish together, as true hearts should, and as true hearts always do.

Helen G.—The origin of St. Valentine's Day, or rather of the usual mode of celebrating it, is lost in antiquity. The old distich runs—'

"When Flora 'gins the fields to deck
With colors fresh and fine,
Then holy clerks their matins sing
To good St. Valentine."

It is a very old notion, and one alluded to by Shakespeare, that on this day (the 14th of February) the birds begin to couple. Hence, perhaps, arose the custom of sending on this day letters containing professions of love and affection; a custom which of latter years has in too great a degree degenerated into a mere opportunity for the anonymous display and practice of folly, blackguardism and indecency.

S. A. J.—The commendation of your instructor in book-keeping would be of some advantage to you in seeking for a situation as book-keeper. If he knows parties who wish to engage book-keepers, and if they have confidence in his judgment and integrity, *then* his recommendation would be quite valuable. But as a general thing, recommendations from teachers have hardly any weight with business men. They are too well acquainted with the fact that anybody can get "the best of references," as advertisements say. You can get the back numbers of the Ledger from January 1857 to date, for four cents each.

A Kentucky Girl.—We never have any "spare columns," or "empty columns," in the Ledger, which we wish "to fill up with free contributions." Before you attempt to write for the press, you had better discipline your style severely, and learn to write with clearness and grammatical accuracy at least. These girls and boys who have such tremendous "heart-yearnings," and whose "burning thoughts" are so vehement that they cannot be caught and harnessed into the traces of a regular or accurate style, should diet their minds thoroughly on grammar and rhetoric, until the "burning" fever of their brains is reduced to the temperature and pulse-beat of ordinary common-sense.

Herie Lincon.—You can have the back numbers of the Ledger from June 7th to the present date, for four cents a piece. It will cost you from $75 to $150 to go to Europe, and from $400 to $2,000 a year while there, according to your style and habits of living. The French language is the one you should make yourself most familiar with for European intercourse, as it is the language most widely spoken on the Continent.

A Gentleman, East Chester.—It was not improper for the lady to ask the gentleman who had just been introduced to her to call on her, although you were standing near by, whom she has never invited to visit her, notwithstanding she has known you a long time. A lady has a right to choose her own friends, and her own visitors, without regard to the envious petulance of persons "standing near by."

Johansen wishes to know whether the following number 17,000,000,000,000, should be read as seventeen billions or as seventeen trillions; he advocates the trillion rendering, but a friend insists on cutting it down to the billion figure. Both are right. According to the French method of enumeration it is seventeen billions; according to the English method, it is seventeen trillions.

Carrie and Elenore.—Your teacher has no right to read your letters, unless your parents have requested him to do so. As to your visiting, or receiving company at his house, he has a right to make and enforce any rules he pleases for the government of his seminary, and you would do well to obey them.

Isadora.—A woman should not marry a man whom she does not love, especially when she loves another. It is a fearful risk, also, for a woman to "marry for a home," as the saying is. She could not very well undertake to earn a home in a more laborious and galling manner.

Bella A.—You can certainly acquire a thorough education by studying without a teacher. It will make but little, if any difference what text books you select; the main point is to study them thoroughly and make yourself a perfect mistress of every branch you pursue.

A Boy Subscriber.—A boy can enter a printing office as apprentice, as soon as he can get anybody to take him. Fourteen is a good age to commence; but a few years younger or older would not be an insurmountable objection.

Augusta.—None of the "Hair Restoratives" are good for anything. Plenty of exercise, daily bathing of body and head, and steady employment of mind, with cheerfulness of disposition, are the best hair restoratives.

A Grocer.—The man's indebtedness to you stands on the same footing with any other debt. If you can prove the claim, and the debtor has property, you can collect the debt; otherwise not.

F. A. J.—In 1850 there were about six hundred thousand inhabitants in this city; now, there are probably eight hundred thousand.

F. S.—Yes. It would be proper for any man, who loves a girl of his acquaintance, to write to her, declare his passion, and ask her to be his correspondent and his wife.

Lydia W.—This correspondent, who writes from the top end of Michigan, is properly indignant at her stingy neighbors who borrow and soil and tear her beloved Ledgers. She is pathetic and pointed in her declarations. "Mr. Editor," she says, "I appeal to you for aid and consolation. Just picture to yourself a 'Cotter's Saturday Night' away up here in Michigan, where at this date it is cold enough to freeze polar bears, where wolves threaten to come down chimney o' nights, and icicles are commonly used for toothpicks. But, still, we don't much mind wild beasts or frost. The fire and the lamps burn brightly; the tea things are put away; the children are in bed; the sofa is wheeled to the fire, and husband and I seat ourselves—I with my sewing and he with the last Ledger—for a quiet evening and an intellectual treat. We have hardly got through with Fanny Fern's and Alice Cary's ever welcome contributions, and plunged into the woods with 'The Refugees' or commenced galloping over the snowy wastes of the Jerseys with 'Karmel the Scout,' when the door opens, and in pops the red head of a little savage who whines out that everlasting—'Mother wants to know if you'll let her have your paper?' I rise, and reluctantly hand him the last week's issue, with the injunction to be 'very careful of it, as I wish to preserve all my Ledgers for binding.' Time passes; another week has gone; Saturday night has come round again, and with it comes red-head and my loaned Ledger. But I never should recognize, in the greasy, dirty, crumpled thing which lies before me, the smooth, handsome sheet which I entrusted to red-head's tender mercies one week ago. Here are Peter and Aunt Esther so horridly disfigured that their best friends would not know them; and would you believe it, Mr. Editor? here is Peleg *torn!*—yes, absolutely torn right through the pain in his stomach! 'Mother wants your next paper,' says red-head; but 'Mother' don't get it. No, sir. Red-head is sent off with a flea in his ear; which he is requested to transfer as soon as possible to one of the auricular appendages of his maternal parent. But I have scarcely resumed the thread of my needle and my husband the thread of the narrative, when a light tap is heard at the door, and a sweet little angel in the guise of girlhood enters, trips lightly up to my work-table, and says, 'Please, Mrs. W., *wont* you lend mamma your Ledger just for *this* evening; we want to read the rest of the stories *so* much!' And her great blue eyes look out from under her pure white brow so beseechingly, that I cannot refuse; and away goes another Ledger, doomed, like its predecessor, to certain destruction. Verily, Mr. Editor, unless the ways of this neighborhood are mended, I shall not have a paper at the close of the year fit to bind—even around a sugar-loaf. Do say something to make newspaper borrowers ashamed of themselves." A confirmed borrower of newspapers is sunk so low as to be lost to shame.

Quandary wishes to know if a man keeps company with a woman for a year, and makes her presents, but never formally enters into a marriage engagement, whether she can make out an implied promise of marriage strong enough to base an action for breach of promise upon. That would depend upon circumstances. If the lover's attentions had been very close and gallant; if he had happened to speak with other parties as though he was engaged to the lady; and, above all, if he had written any letters to her or others which would tend to prove the hypothesis of an agreement to marry, the girl, with the aid of a smart lawyer and a sympathetic jury, would be apt to make out a case against him.

A Clerk.—An employer has the right to prescribe such rules as he pleases for the discipline of his establishment. The name "Walla-Halla," which is sometimes given to drinking saloons, or club-rooms, is probably a corruption of Val-Halla, which, in the Scandinavian mythology, is the palace of immortality, inhabited by the souls of heroes slain in battle.

O.—If you *really* think that the acquaintance of the man named "is necessary to your earthly happiness," you had better discontinue it at once; as it is a most unfortunate thing for people to hang their happiness upon an acquaintance, or upon anything whatever, which they cannot control. As far as etiquette is concerned, there would be no impropriety in your inviting the gentleman to call often.

Une Estrangere.—If we had received your questions at the time you mention, we should not have answered them, as we do not care to chronicle the illness, recovery and whereabouts of little great, or great little men. We do not know any so-called eminent man in the country who would be worthy of a paragraph in the Ledger, unless he should chance to be hung.

Guilford.—In this State, when a married man who has no children dies intestate, his property goes to his widow. If he has no wife, then it goes to his father, or to his mother if his father be dead; or if he has no parents, to his brothers and sisters; or, to whomsoever shall be the heirs-at-law.

T. A. B., is quite mistaken. We do not undertake, nor have we ever promised, neither is there space sufficient, to answer one-tenth of the questions civilly asked; but a rude letter is instantly doomed to a fiery ordeal. A few of our readers consider some of the questions already answered as being silly. What would they say to the thousands omitted?

An Unlucky Man wants to know if a gentleman should break a lady's ring, if he ought to get her another one as good. Certainly he should. A *gentleman* would not wait to ask any questions on the subject, but would get the ring at once.

P. B. V.—A good way to correct the popular belief that you spend too much time and money in lager-bier shops and similar places, would be to spend your time elsewhere, and frequent the good society whose good opinion you wish to gain.

Marie.—State the case frankly and fully to your bethrothed, and ask him to release you from the engagement. If he will not do so, then release yourself. No girl should ever give her hand to one, when her heart is given to another.

Charles P.—Do you not know some one who would introduce you to persons wishing to engage a clerk or bookkeeper? If not, call upon any party who advertises for such an employee.

S. C. G.—Men are not so brave and enduring under misfortune as women; and that is one reason why men are so much more apt than women to commit suicide when overtaken by a reverse of fortune.

J. H.—By reading the communication from the Secretary of War, which we published in the "Notices to Correspondents" in the Ledger of March 14th, you will find a solution of the matter concerning which you inquire.

Jessie.—It is better not to "plan" to win the young man's love. Let it grow naturally, and without forcing, or it will soon decay, and your bridal wreath will present only a sad spectacle of dead leaves and withered flowers.

Cause and Effect.—All your problems are as simple as A B C. We shall not answer them, however, as we do not intend to turn the Ledger into an elementary treatise on the natural sciences.

James E. D.—We do not wish to engage any new contributors; and to those whom we do not wish to employ we never speak about terms.

Young America.—A child born of American parents, while travelling in a foreign country, would be an American child and a citizen of the United States.

Sailor.—Any stout, active boy can get a berth on some ship that sails from this port, at almost any time. The way to do it is to keep looking till he finds a berth.

H. C. L.—Tell the whole truth and win the girl, or else drop the whole affair.

Wm. H. H. D.—The best cure for "sensitiveness" is copious doses of experience and common sense.

G. P.—It is never improper for a person to apologise for a wrong, or to attempt to heal dissensions between himself and others.

H. S.—When a man is in love, and his parents dislike the object of his affections, he had better do the best that his common-sense and capacities will enable him to do.

H. R.—Under the circumstances you mention, it is not probable that the man could obtain any damages against you, even if he should bring an action for breach of promise.

Laura.—An "engagement ring" is usually worn on the third finger of the left hand.

Emily.—Tell your father that the man annoys you by his public attentions, and let him take the matter in hand.

Success.—The best way to stop using tobacco is, never to put another bit of it in your mouth.

A Reader.—A lady should not acknowledge an anonymous gift, even if she discovers from whom it came.

Norris.—John Adams was Vice-President, under Washington, during both the presidential terms of the latter.

Stranger.—We would not accept a "comic picture with reading," for the Ledger.

Youth.—It is proper for a young man to write to a lady of his acquaintance, without asking her if he may do so.

F. R.—We refer you to the Ledger of March 14th for full information in regard to the Naval Academy at Annapolis.

Kate.—It is customary for a lady to take precedence of a gentleman in going either into a house or into a room.

A. J. D.—Yes; Professor Webster confessed that he murdered Dr. Parkman.

L. A. W.—You had no right to show the letters without the writer's consent.

Homely.—Demand the miniature at once, and if the girl will not give it up, speak to her parents about it.

L. P. W.—*You* are the only person who can say whether your salary would support yourself, mother, and a wife.

Republic.—The best cure for pimples on the face is simple diet, daily bathing, and plenty of air and exercise.

Typo.—Good reporters get good pay at Washington.

M. A. G.—You had better mind your mother.

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*